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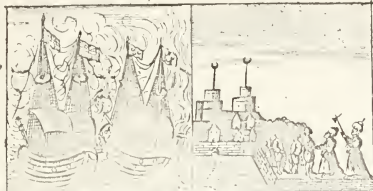
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Turks taking the English

Selling slaves in Algers



Execution with A halibone

Turks burning of A French



Divers (whirls)

Making the boat which they escape in

EBENEZER: OR, A SMALL MONUMENT OF GREAT MERCY,

APPEARING IN THE
Miraculous Deliverance

OF

William Okeley, { John Anthony,
William Adams, { John Jephys,
John — Carpenter,

From the Miserable Slavery of *ALGIERES*
with the wonderful Means of their Escape *in*
a Boat of Canvas; the great Distress, and utmost Ex-
tremities which they endured at Sea for Six Days and
Nights; their safe Arrival at *Majorck*: With several
Matters of Remark during their long Captivity,
and the following Providences of God which brought
them safe to *ENGLAND*.

By me *William Okeley*.

Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits,
who Redemeth thy Life from Destruction, who Crowneeth
thee with Loving Kindness, and tender Mercies, *Psal.*
103. 2. 4.

London, Printed for Nat. Ponder, at the Peacock in
Chancery-Lane, near Fleet-street. 1675.



Upon this Book, and
its Author.

This Author never was in Print before,
And (let this please or not) will never more.
If all the Press-Oppressors of the Age
Would so Resolve, 'twould Happiness preface:
He should as soon another Voyage take,
As be Oblig'd another Book to make.
His *Canvas Boat* Escaped Seas and Wind,
He fears this Paper-Vessel will not find
Such gentle Gales, when every Reader hath
Pow'r with a puff to sink the Writers Faith.
For who so Prints a Book, goes off from shore
To hazard that which was his own before:
As one poor Pinnace Over-match'd, that fights
With an Armado, so doth he who Writes:
If Books (like goodly Merchant-Ships) set forth,
Laden with Riches of the greatest worth;
With Councils, Fathers, Text-Men, School-Men Mann'd;
With Sacred Cannon Mounted at each Hand;
Are hard beset, and forc'd to make Defence
Against Arm'd Atheism, Pride, and Impudence.
How can this little Cock-Boat hope Escape,
When Scripture Suffers Piracy and Rape?
Noe's Ark (wherein the World Epiromiz'd,
And Mankind in Octavo was Compriz'd.)
Though in the Deluge 'twas preserv'd sound,
By Infidelity it self lyes drown'd.
That *Moses* with a Rod the Sea should Cane,
And beat the Coward streams into a Plain;

With the same Cane should broach a Flint, and bring
 Out of its Fiery Womb a flowing Spring:
 That a dry stick assign'd for Levi's share,
 Should Bud, and Blossom, and Ripe Almonds bear;
 That *Sampson* with the Jaw-Bone of an Ass
 (And Atheists think Him One that lets it pass
 Without a scomme) should slay a Thousand Men,
 And being weary with the Slaughter; then
 The kind Jaw-Bone, that was his Faulchion first,
 Should turn a Flaggon, and allay his Thirst.
 These Miracles, and all the Sacred store
 Which Faith should grasp, and Piety adore,
 Meet with Arrests, Arraignments, and a Doom
 More harsh than Tales of Heathen Greece, or Rome.

Yet O the Folly of Confounded Man!
 Who cannot Truth believe, but Fables cap.
 When Truth that cannot Lye, shall be bely'd,
 Its Pow'r defy'd, and Weakness Deify'd:
 When our Diseased Appetite shall Lust
 For *Egypt's* Leek, or *Gideon's* mouldy Crust;
Ephraim will feed on Ashes, and disdain
 The Manna Comfits, and the Candy'd Rain.
 An Heaven-born Truth (like poor Mens Infants) may
 For lack of God-Fathers, unchrist'ned slay,
 And find no Priest; when every slander by
 Will be a Gossip to a Great Mans Lye.
 O Miracle of Love! God-Man was slain
 Each Miracle he wrought, to make it twain,
 The Fact, and Faith too, else the Fact in vain.

There is a Generation alive,
 That Live on Lying Miracles, and thrive.
 There is a Guild of Priests will undertake
 To make that God who doth all Wonders make:
 Can make Him, Bake Him, Break him, Eat Him too,
 And with a Thought can All again undo,
 Had but some Monk this History to dress,
 He would have made the Iron-Teeth of th' Press

Turn

Turn Edge, and Grin, to chew the stuff and stile;
 Compar'd with which all's Pap in *Mandevile*.
 Had these Five Comrades been good Sons of *Rome*,
 Nothing but Miracles had brought them home.
Obely had been inspired; *Jepth* had seen
 An Apron drop down from Heavens Virgin-Queen
 To make a Sail; *Carpenter* should have pray'd
 Saint *Joseph* to assist him at his Trade;
 And the next Morn'd in the Cellar find
 The Keel Ribes Pins, all mort'rd to his Mind.
 An Holy Sea-Calt in St. *Peter's* Boat,
 Had then appear'd, and staid before the Boat:
 Saint *Chilias* her with a sweet Babe on's back,
 Had stalkt along to save from Rock and Wrack:
 Saint *Nicholas* (or in his Shape, *Old Nick*)
 Had with a straw steer'd the Boat Catholick.
 The Tortoise taken napping in the Flood,
 Had first said Grace, and then become their Food:
 Yea, and his Sacred Shell had been prefer'd
 To make fine Combs for *Wilgefortis* Beard.
 And who can tell (for now 'tis Thirty Years
 Since this strange Expedition from *Algiers*.)
 What Use the Friars of *Mayork* have made
 Of the poor Skiff to raise their Legend-Trade?

But, be it as it will; Buy, or not Buy;
 This Book is Protestant, and hates a Lye.
 The Reader shall find in this Breviary
 All *Pater-Nosters*, not one *Ave Mary*.
 If Gentleman and Christian may avail,
 If Honour and Religion can be bail
 For this poor Pilgrims Truth and Faithfulness,
 It may with Leave and safety pass the Press.
 Let him who scorns to Read, or Reads to scorn,
 And thinks this Story might have been forborn;
 First, buy the Book, then give Security
 To do the like; The Book-Seller and I
 Will give him Bond, when he Returns to Land,
 To pay a Thousand pounds into his Hand.

Menu-

Mean-while, this Narrative (all plain and True)
Is worth a Six-pence to a *Turk* or *Jew*;
But to a Christian (were the Story gone)
The Preface is a Penny-worth alone:
The whole hath no Errata's or Mistakes,
Save what the Printer and the Poet makes.

A



A
P R E F A C E
To the following
NARRATIVE:

Courteous Reader,

I DO readily agree with thee, that there is no sort of Writings more lyable to abuse than this of *the Narrative*: Lying much at the Mercy of the *Composer* to be Corrupted; and as much in danger to be mis-improved by the *Reader*: The Reader therefore I am sure will demand *good Security* that he is not imposed upon in the *ensuing Relation*, and the Writer craves leave too, to maintain a *modest Jealousie*, lest the Reader should miss the benefit that is designed to him in it: The *Author* will engage, and pawn his Credit *not to wrong the Narrative*, and he would take some care also that the *Reader* may *not wrong himself*.

It is very true, that every *Narrator* is under a strong Temptation to *Season* his Discourse to the
A *Gusto*

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Gusto of the Time, not imposing a severe Law upon himself, to Report what is true, but accommodating his Story to the Liquorish appetite of others: I have observed that *some Men* are ashamed to Recount *mean and humble Matters*; if they bring us any thing below *Prodigy and Miracle*, if they stuff not their Farces with *Gorgons, Harpies, Centaures, and Enchanted Islands*, they neither please themselves, nor hope to take their Readers by the Heart-strings. Hence is it, that we have so many lean, barren Stories, larded with the Additaments of Fruitful Invention, as if they had been Penn'd by the Pattern of *Xenophon's Cyrus. Non ad Historie fidem, sed ad justi Imperii Exemplar*: Not for *Counterpanes of Truth*, but *Counterfeits of Fancy*: They tell us not what was really done, but what they would have had done, if they might have had the Contrivance of the *Scene, and Tragedy*: They first form *Idæa's of Ingenious Romances* in their own Heads, and then obtrude them upon the World for *Historical Verities*.

Just as our *Hydrographers* in the Delineating of Countries, with one wanton Extravagant Frolick of their Graver can raise *Mountains*, where Nature left us *Valleys*; and sink deep *Valleys*, where God has stretch'd out a *Champagn*; can create *Bays, and Creeks*, where the Creator made *firm Land*; and jut out *Promontories, and Capes*, where there's nothing in Nature to answer them; and to fill up *Vacuities* (out of pure good Husbandry, that

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that not an inch of Ground may be lost) present us with *Flying Fishes, Tritons, and Mermaids*, which spend their hours *inter Pellicinam & Speculum*; and lest *Mare del zur* should still be a Desolate Wilderness, have courteously stock'd it with *the Painters Wife's Island, and Terra Incognita*; at this rate are we dealt with, by this kind of Men, who love to blow up *Lank Stories* into huge *Bladders*, and then put something in them to make them *Rattle* to please *Children*, and yet they are *but bladders still*, though swelled with the *Tympany, and Wind-Cholick*.

There are also a sort of Stories, which, by the way of *Courtesie*, we mis-call *Histories*, that scorn to give us an Account of any thing but *Dreadful, and terrible Battles*, and how one great Man above all the rest, chopt off *Heads and Arms*, and cut off some sheer by the waste, and with his *Trenchant blade* mowed down whole *Files* of Armed Enemies; the Fields all this while running with streams of Blood, and purple Gore; and all this, with as much confidence, and exactness in every *Minute Circumstance*, as if, like the Familiar *Damon of Paracelsus*, they had been inclosed in the *pommel* of the *Generals Sword*; or had hover'd, like *Victory with her doubtful Wings*, over both the Armies, where they might securely take notes of all that was said or done, in *Shelton's Brachygraphy*: but from what *Principles or Interests* these Warriours were *Acted*; by what *Rules* they proceeded, with what *Councils and Intrigues*,

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Intrigues, designs were managed; and to what point all these Policies steered; is as much below their Spirits as above their Abilities, to inform us.

To secure the Reader against the fear of such Entertainment in this Narrative, let him know, that he shall meet with nothing in *Fact* but what is precisely true; what of wonderment he may encounter, was of Gods own working, not of Mans inventing; let others make Tragedies to gratifie the Book-seller, and cheat the simple buyer; we need not Peter Lillicrap's Essex-Serpent, nor Livewell Chapman's Greater Monster to Aggrandize our Title Page; Gods Works need no soyl to set them off, the greatest beauty of Truth, is its nakedness, and Symmetry.

There is a vast difference between the most elaborate products of *Art*, and the most homely pieces of *Nature*; for though the former will needs Ape the latter, yet how pitifully does she bungle in the imitation! Look upon the subtle point of the finest Needle through a Microscope, and you will soon be satisfied that *Art* is but a Dunce, for the Needle will appear as blunt, and dull as a Drum-stick; but come and view one of Gods Handy-works in the same Glasse, *V. G. The sting of a Bee*, and you shall see it perpetually Acuminated till it ends in something, which the Eye must either confess to be a Point, or Nothing: The same Difference we may observe between those Romances, which are the Issues of fine wits, and the

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the serious grave Contrivances of Divine Providence; what clummi'd things are the *Cassandra's* to one of those pieces of proportion, to be seen in Gods Government of this lower World! So that it were unpardonable to strive to Recommend the wonderful Providences of God to the Genius of this Age, by a Lye, or to talk deceitfully for him; what-ever therefore this Narrative is, yet it's a naked Account of his own workings, and Gold needs no gilding.

But now the Readers great danger lies in running over some of Gods works, and yet not seeing God in his works: Little Children, we see, do hugely please themselves with the gilded Covers, and Marbled Leaves of Books, but concern not themselves, what is within; and if they chance to look a little overly upon the forms and shapes of the Letters, yet understand not the sublime matter, that may be coucht in them: Now, to divide the words from the meaning, is morally to Annihilate them, and so whilst they see Letters, and words ouely, they see just Nothing: There are a great many such *misdoylegates*, such Old Children in the World, that gaze upon the surface of Gods Works, but never are led by them to admire the Wisdom, Power, Goodness, and Holiness of God: They deal with the works of Providence, just as they do with the works of Creation: God has engraven his own Name in Legible Characters upon the Heavenly Bodies. The Stars in their single beauties, their Combined

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Afterisms, their *Mutual Aspects*, their *Intricate*, yet *Regular Motions*, speak their Author; nay, upon the lowest *Recreations*, the *Leisure-sports* of Nature, there is written, *Deus fecit*. But now the common observer, whose *thoughts* are terminated by his *Eye*, and his *Eye* with the *visible Heavens*, as 'tis bespangled with glittering things, called *Planets*, and *Stars*, loseth quite their *main design*, which is to conduct and argue our thoughts up to a *first Cause*; for they were not so much out who cryed up the *Musick of the Spheres* to be so *Ravishing*: and we should confess it, could we but hear them sing this Anthem, *Glory be to God on High*. Can we be so *Brutish*, as once to imagine, that the wise God, who creates *nothing little*, nor for a *little end*, should create such *great*, and *glorious Bodies* only to be the *Objects of Ignorant*, and *blind Amazement*? Surely no; but that by the *contemplation of them*, we might be led into the *Admiration of Him*, whose Being, Wisdom, Power must needs be *infinitely Glorious*, when his very works are *excellently so*: Here then will be the *Readers danger*, lest all his *Spirits* should evaporate in a confused *Admiration*, that a *Boat*, a *little*, a *Carvus Boat* should, like the *Ark*, convey so many *Persons* so many *Leagues* safe to shoar, whilst he misses the true intent, and meaning of it, to behold a watchful *Providence* (as well as the *Being of a Deity*.) over all *Affairs*. Now, that he may not split upon this *dangerous Rock*, but improve the

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the *Narrative* to his best Advantage, I shall submissively lay before him a few *Directions*.

1. *Self*. Learn from this *Narrative* to *trust*, and in all thy ways to *acknowledge God*, who by the most *contemptible means*, can effect the most *considerable things*. Created Beings, as they cannot *Act beyond the Sphere* of their *Activity*, so neither can they *Operate* further than the *suitableness of their Instruments* will enable them; it were ridiculous to attempt to *cut down a Forest with a Pen-knife*, or *Lave the Ocean with a spoon*; but if the great God can make the *dullest tool to cut*, can serve himself of the most *unfit Instruments*, and accomplish the most *noble works* with the most *Wooden Engines*, he will sure deserve our *greatest trust and confidence*. As great *Princes* are attended with a numerous train of *Servants*, more for *State*, than *absolute necessity*; so God uses *second causes*, not because he *cannot work without them*, but to teach us to admire his *strength*, in their *weakness*, his *All-sufficiency* in their *insufficiency*.

The *Grand Seignior* had heard of the famous *Atchievement of Castriots Scimitar*, and was very desirous to make an *Experiment*, whether its *excellency* answered the *Report*; he sends for it, proves it, it does no *Execution*; he sends it back with *scorn*, and *indignation*, that lying *Fame* should magnifie a *sorry Ammunition Sword* so far above its merits, but *Scanderbeg*, before the

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Messengers Face, hews in pieces Helmets, Cor-
slets; Go now (says he) and tell your Master,
though I sent him my Sword, I did not send him my
Arm; none can work with *Gods means*, that has
not *Gods Arm*: *Hast thou an Arm like God?*
Job 40. 9. Here then the Reader may see, (and
if he *sees not*, he forfeits his Eyes) the same God
who in an *Ark of bulrushes* preserved *Moses*, and
in another *Ark* saved *Noah*, in a *small Canvas*
Skuller (which was our *Ark*, though in a lesser
Volumn) waft us over the Ocean, and bring us
all safe to Land: As God is seen in the *smallest*
works of Creation, so in the *smallest Instruments*
of his Providence. The little Fly, or Ant, ex-
presses *Creative power*, and *Omnipotency in Mi-*
niature, as well as the great, *Castle-bearing Ele-*
phant: I have read somewhere of a Goldsmith
that made a *Lock and Key*, and *Chain* so small,
and subtle, that a *Fly* would draw them all about
a Table, and never be stalled; surely the *Spe-*
ctator would not predicate the *Strength of the*
poor Fly, but the *skill of the Artist*.

Est in tenuibus, & Pusillis Reculis
Laus Optimiq; Maximiq; Maxima. Gaz.
Pia hilar.

The Glory of the Great wise King,
Shines greatly in the smallest thing.

Indeed our whole passage was wonder; suppose
we had met with *one Night of Hazy Weather*,
we

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we might have plyed back into the jaws of that
Destruction which we had so far escaped. Had
we met with *one Storm* (and an ordinary puff of
wind had been a *Storm to us*) it had presently
over-set us; but the same God that commands
a calm for the *Halcyon*, commanded *Halcyon*
days and nights for us, till under the wings of his
gracious care he had *hatcht his own purposes* of
Mercy, into *perfect Deliverance*. It was a won-
der too, that in our six days Voyage, in the Me-
diterranean, the very *High Road* of Navi-
gation, both for *honest Men and Knaves*, Mer-
chants and Pirates, we should not meet with *one*
Vessel, Friend or Foe: Had we met with a *Friend-*
ly Vessel, they had pityed us, taken us up, and
then the Power of God had not been so signalized
in our Preservation; had we fallen in with an Ene-
my, we had immediately become a *prey to their*
Teeth, they had *swallowed us up quick*, we had
made but *one poor Morsel* to their greedy sto-
machs, and thereby defeated a work of God glo-
riously begun, and rob'd him of the Revenue of
his praise.

If then they that go down to the Sea in Ships, see
the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep,
Psal. 107. 23, 24. What Wonders, what Mi-
racles of Providence have we seen, and may others
see in us, who went down to the sea, not in a ship,
but in a Canoe, which for want of a better Name
we call a Boat! Let the Reader therefore ad-
mire God with me; and both of us with the Psal-
mist,

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mist, *Psal.* 86. 8. *Amongst the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord, neither are there any works like thy works.*

He deals unrighteously with God who *measures him by the smallness of the means* that he uses, and not by the *greatness of those effects* he produces by *those means*. And therefore,

*Disce a Cymbula, quisquis es; & Deo
Da pro tentibus, & pusillis Reculis,
Laudem Optimoque; Maximoque; Maximam.
Gaz. Piabilis.*

Let this our little Skiff thy Spirits raise,
To give to this great God, thy greatest
Praise.

2. *Self.* Let the Reader improve this Relation to Fortifie his Faith against the little Cavils of Atheistical Spirits, who lay out their ill placed wit in forging Objections against Him that gave it. There is a Creature famous in *Prov.* 6. *Qui lacte Materno impletus calcibus petit Laltantem*, that being filled with the liberal Dug, ungratefully kicks his Dam. Thus this sort of Men are ambitious to be accounted witty, in creating knots and difficulties in the Historical passages of Gods great Providences Recorded in Scripture, and particularly in his Preservation of Noah, and his Family in the Ark: But he that had seen with us the watchful eye of God super-intended, and the steady hand of God to hold a poor Canvas Boat, built without Regu-

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Regular proportion, ill Viſtalled, without Anchor, Helm, Compass, or Tackle, and thereby preserve the Lives of five *inconsiderable Persons*, of no great use in the World, and after six days great extremity and distress, Land them all safe, may easily Credit the Report, how the same God should preserve *eight Persons*, upon whose Lives the re peopling of the whole World did depend, in a *Vessel of most exalt proportions*, strong built, and well laid in with *all manner of Provisions*. He that can see a Creator in the works of Creation, and a Governor in the works of Providence, may reasonably believe *all Divine Revelations*.

3. *Self.* Let all that would not abuse this Narrative beware, lest whilst they are admiring Providence in this instance of our preservation, they do not over-look those eminent apparances of God towards themselves every moment, which, though perhaps they carry not so much of Rarity in them, yet may have in them as much of real power, wisdom, and goodness. We are apt to deal with our Mercies, just as we do with our sins, where the Commonness and frequency of either, abates and takes off from the Observation and Notice which we owe them; we gaze, and wonder at Comets, and their flaming beards, but seldom admire the Sun, a far more glorious Body, because he rises and sets every Morning and Evening upon the just and the unjust: Dost thou admire God in our preservation,

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servation, learn to admire him in thy own: Art thou surprized with wonder, that we were kept a few days, when there was not half an inch between us and Death? Consider, God has kept thee many days, and many years, and every minute of those many days and years, when there was but a hairs breadth between thee and Death: Dost thou then admire God preserved us alive in a Vessel of Cloath? Admire that God that holdeth thy Soul in Life, and that in a more frail Vessel, a Vessel of Clay: Dost thou still wonder we were not blown over with every breath of wind? Admire also that the Lamp of thy Life which thou carriest in a paper Lanthorn, is not blown out by every blast of Sickness: But if thou wilt still wonder how such a Boat should carry us? Then wonder also how thy Food nourishes thee, how thy Cloaths keep thee warm, how thy sleep refreshes thee: There's not a moment in our Lives but is filled with real Miracle and Wonder. I will praise thee (says the Psalmist, Psal. 139. 14.) for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: Let us all praise God, for we are fearfully, and wonderfully preserved. If Preservation be but a Continued Creation, how should we adore that Power that Created us once, but preserves us a'ways! God expects that we should equally magnific his skill in making us out of Nothing, and securing us that we drop not into Nothing: and as much admire his goodness, that we crumble not, moulder not into our dust, as that we were at first formed out of dust.

4. Self.

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4. Self. Let the Reader Learn from our Slavery, to prize, and improve his own Liberty. If we serve not our God sincerely, and chearfully in plenty, he can send us where we shall serve our Enemies in want. If we glorifie him not with our Liberty, but turn it into licentiousness, he can clap us up close, where we shall learn to prize it higher, and wish we had improved it better. It argues great disingenuity and baseness in our Spirits that we provoke our God to teach us the worth of Mercies by the want of them: The Lord does not willingly afflict, nor grieve us: Children of men, Lam. 3. 33. but we provoke him to take his Rod into his hand, and lay it smartly upon our backs, because that Folly which is bound up in our hearts will not otherwise by last out of us. Thus God threatened his People of old, Deut. 28. 48. Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness and gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things, therefore shalt thou serve thine Enemies, in hunger, thirst, and nakedness, and in the want of all things. Thus he taught Judah by the Captivity of Babylon, to prize the freedom of Canaan; we might learn our Duty much cheaper from Gods Word, but we like Truants, will not learn it there, till God sends us to School with a Rod at our backs.

5. Self. Let all Learn from hence, in what state soever the Providence of God shall place them therewith to be content: Perhaps thou art a Servant to

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a Christian; dost thou murmur? It shews, thou little knowest what it is to be a *Slave to an in-petious Turk*. Thou Servest him that *prays with thee, and for thee*; dost thou repine? God might have made thee Serve one who would *curse and torture thee*, and make little Provision for thy Body, and none at all for thy Soul: The Christian Religion is surely the *most excellent Religion* in the World, because it *holds the Balance so even between Superiours, and Inferiours*: It enjoyns the one to give the most full Obedience, and yet prohibits the other to exercise Rigour. It is peremptory for Duty, and yet abhors Tyranny: whoever has known *Turkish Slavery*, is obliged to become a *more Loyal Subject*, a *more Dutiful Child*, a *more Faithful Servant*; and whoever has not known it, is yet obliged to become all these, lest God make him know it, and whip out of him that *Restiff spirit* of grumbling, and Disobedience with the *Briars, and Thorns of the Wilderness*.

God commanded all Masters amongst the Jews to allow their Servants a *day of Rest*, Deut. 5. 14. and he gives this Reason for it, *Remember that thou wast a Servant in the Land of Egypt*. The Equity of which Reason holds stronger for the Christian: Remember thou wast a Servant to the *worst of Masters*, a *Drudge in the basest of works*, and liable to receive the *worst of wages*: Has Christ set thee free? And art thou become a Servant to the *best of Masters*? Employed in the most

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most *reasonable, and honourable Services*? And in expectation of the *most glorious Rewards*? Let it teach thee if thou beest a *Master*, to command gently; and if a *Servant*, to Obey chearfully.

6. *Self*. Let all Learn to walk worthy of the Gospel. It is that which *sweetens all our mercies*, and mitigates the *bitterness of all Afflictions*; and if we sin away that, we either sin away all the rest, or whatever is *useful, and desirable* in all the rest. If we enjoy the *Light*, and yet walk in *darkness*, it's righteous with God, to over-spread our Habitations with *Egyptian, or Babylonish, Turkish, or Popish darkness*. God can carry us to *Rome*, or *Algiers*; or else send *Rome, and Algiers* home to us: For what should a People do with *light*, that onely intend to *play, or fight* by it? The once Famous Churches of *Asia*, are now swallowed up by the *Ottoman Sword*, and the *Mahmedan unbelief*; and those sometimes Famous Cities, *Carthage, and Hippo*, which knew those burning and shining Lights, *Cyprian, and Augustine*, are now posselt with *Moors*, and defiled with the *Abominations of the greatest Impostor* that ever seduced the Nations, but *One*. And thinkest thou, O Man, O Christian, that dost these things, so Alien from the Gospel of Christ; that art drunk in the day, and cursest that God whom thou Worshippest, that thou shalt escape the Judgment of God? I tell thee, nay; and I tell all those that read these lines, and are guilty; and

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and I tell my self, *so far as I am guilty*, that *except we Repent, we shall all likewise perish.*

The Lord Jesus Christ, in his Epistle to the Church of *Ephesus*, gives her this Memorial, *Rev. 2. 5. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and Repent, and do thy first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and remove thy Candlestick out of its place, except thou Repent: But Ephesus would none of his Counsel, none of his Caution; and Christ was as good as his word, he put out her Candle, and removed her Candlestick, I have often wondred, what should be the grounds of their confidence, who speak as if the Gospel were entailed upon England, by vertue of some Ancient Charter; as if God would make us Exceptions from his General Rule, which is to take away abused, despised means, and mercies, and we must own much of prerogative in our case; but yet let us Rejoyce with trembling, lest when Prophaneness, and Debauchery dog Religion so close at the heels, she flye not thither, where she may find better Quarter: It has made great Impression upon me when I read the Divine *Herbert*, in his Church Militant;*

Religion stands on Tip-toe in our Land,
Ready to pass to the *American* Strand;
When height of Malice, and Prodigious
Lusts

Impudent sinning; Witchcrafts, and Distrusts,

The

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(The Marks of future bane) shall fill our
Cup
Unto the Brim, and make our Measure
up, &c.

7. *Self.* Let it be every Mans care to be found in Gods way: The Promise of Protection is annext to Gods way, *Psal. 91. 11. He shall give his Angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways: And the Blessing of God is annext to his own way too, Psal. 128. 1. Blessed is every one that feareth God, and walketh in his ways.* When we are over-taken with the evil of Affliction, let the first Question we propound to our selves be this. Am I not in the way of Transgression? Did this danger find me in my Duty? Was I in Gods High-way, or in some by path of my own? Was I doing his work? Serving his Glory? If we observe not the way of his Precepts, I know no Reason we should plead the promise of his Protection. There are two things upon which I look upon it as my great Duty to Reflect; first, whether we were in the way of Gods Precepts when we fell into our Enemies Hands? Secondly, whether we were in the way of Gods Promise when we escaped out of their Hands? For the former, I am abundantly satisfied, that we were in the way of our Duty; for we were sent out by Commission from the Right Honourable, *Robert, Earl of Warwick*, the Lord Say, and the Lord Brook,
B who

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who by Patent from His Majesty King Charles the First, were Governors of the Isle of Providence, whither we were bound: For the latter, If the more severe Reader shall make it a Question, *Whether we could in Faith expect Protection in an Adventure visibly so rash, and precipitous?* And shall determine it against us, that we tempted God by casting our selves upon extraordinary protection, expecting deliverance without warrant, in a way little on this side Miracle: I shall first say, Let him shun that Rock in his own conversation, upon which he supposes us to have dash: Let our Ship-wrack be a Buoy to warn him of the like presumption, and let him learn more wisdom, at our Cost and Charges. I shall further say, let him not discover greater rashness in Censuring our Adventure, than he charges upon our Adventure, but modestly consider himself, lest he also be tempted; and if we were guilty of folly, he may thus gain wisdom by our folly: But I shall add, *Extremity of Misery is none of the best Counsellors*; let him put himself under our Circumstances, and if Cowardise did not hinder him from making our Attempt, I am confident Conscience would not: Our Lives were bitter to us by Reason of cruel Bondage, and (though mine was at that time much mitigated) yet there is a secret Magnetisme in a Native Soil, with which our Hearts being once strong y toucht, could never admit of the least variation, but still pointed directly Homewards; and such

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a Land too, as was like Goshen, all Light, when the Land of our Captivity was like Egypt, both for Slavery, and Darknes, that night both be felt; and we thought it below Men, for the love of Life, to lose the Reasons of our Lives, for

*All may have
(If they dare try) a Glorious Life, or Grave.
Herb. Ch. Porch.*

In a word, though Success will not warrant an evil Action, yet there's much of Justification in it, on the behalf of those which are not so; nor did we tempt God to work Miracles, but trusted him to afford us special protection: But if this will not satisfy, let none imitate us where in we failed, but rather admire Divine Condescension, that engaged in our Deliverance, notwithstanding our failing.

8. Sect. Let all that Read this Narrative be Instructed never to promise themselves great matters from Men: I have observed it in the whole Course of our Captivity, and constant Tenour of those gracious Providences which brought us thence, and the Series of Mercy, Wisdom, and Power, that was our Convoy Home, that we ever found most of Favour from God when we expected least from Men: and the least of kindness from those where we might, or thought we might in Reason have promised our selves most.

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VWhen we met with *unexpected Friendship*, God would teach us to own *Himself*. VWhen we met with *disappointment*, God would teach us the folly of *Idolizing the Creature*: I have seriously admired the Compassion and Relief we found at *Mayork*, and yet we knew them to be *Romanists*, and they knew us to be *Protestants*, and how little respect we found from *some* of our own Countrey, at *Alicant*, *Cadiz*, and *St. Lucars*, and yet we were tyed together in the strictest triple bonds of *Un Dieu, Un Roy, Un Ley, One God, One King, One Law*: But God was seen in both. I could Relate a Passage during our Captivity in *Algiers*, that had more of bitterness in it, than in *all our Slavery*; and yet they were *Christians*, not *Algerines*; *Protestants*, not *Papists*; *Englishmen*, not *Strangers*, that were the cause of it: But I have put a force upon my self, and am resolved not to publish it. In our Return homewards, we met with some who would talk to the grief of those whom God had wounded; and was now in a way to heal again. Some would *Interpretatively* say, with the Churlish *Nabal*, 1 Sam. 25. 10. VWho are these? And whence come they? *There are many Servants now adays that break away, every one from his Master*. But then was the season when we had most Experience of Gods Faithfulness: And I shall never cease to own before the world the great Respect we found from *some English Merchants*, to whom we were perfect Strangers; and the

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the Civilities of Captain *Goodson*, Captain *Smith*, his Mate, and his Son, are not to be forgotten.

Perhaps, after all this, the Reader will be earnest to be satisfied, why this Narrative has lien so long *Dormant*, and appeared no sooner in the World? And I shall herein also endeavour to give him all *Reasonable Satisfaction*.

1. When we return'd into *England*, we found our Native Countrey embroyled in a most dreadful Civil War, and most Men had enough to do, to bear *their own Personal* Calamities, and had little need to be troubled with the *miseries of others*; they were *other kind of Declarations* that flew abroad *then*, and that was enough to super sede a Narrative of this Nature, for some Years.

2. The *great mercies of God* have not always their *due weight* upon our hearts at first; and I have received signal Deliverances from *eminent dangers* since *that great one*; and it's well if *all the mercies of our Lives*, all our Deliverances *put together*, will amount to an Argument strong enough to overcome our backwardness to make *publick acknowledgments*.

3. I thought a long while that it was *not worth the while*, to trouble the World with my particular concerns, till the Impertunity of *several Ministers, and others*, both in City and Countrey, overcame my reluctance, in whose Reasons I did acquiesce.

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4. I was conscious to my self of great *unfitness* to recommend it to publick view, in such a garb as might *vindicate it from Contempt*; for though it has been drawn out many Years with *my own hand*, and many have had the perusal of it, have *approved it*, and *desired it*; yet till I could prevail with a Friend to teach it to *speak a little better English*, I could not be persuaded to let it walk abroad: The *Stuff and matter is my own*, the *Trimming and Form is anothers*, for whom I must vouch, that he has done the *Truth, my self, and the Reader, Justice.*

Having overcome all these difficulties, I do here *Erect my Ebenezer*, as *A small Monument of great Mercy*, and as an *Obligation upon my Soul to great Duty*, and do pray that it may stand as an *Abiding witness for God in my Conscience*; that when ever I am tempted to sin, I may have an Answer ready to stop the mouth of the Tempter with Indignation: *How can I do this great evil, and sin against my good God?* VWhen I am tempted to distrust, I may encourage my Faith from my own Narrative, saying, *Remember that God who delivered thee at the Sea:* when I am tempted to murmur, I may suppress those mutinous thoughts from my own Narrative, saying, *Remember what thou enduredst in Algiers.* VWhen my Heart grows cold, and unthankful, I may chide, and shame it, from my own Narrative, into gratitude to God; That God, who remembered us in our low Estate; for
his

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his mercy endureth for ever! who preserved us at the Sea, the Great Sea; for *his mercy endureth for ever!* and secured us in a Boat, a *Contemptible Boat*, for *his mercy endureth for ever!* who gave us favour in the Eyes of *Strangers*, for *his mercy endureth for ever!* and opened to us the hearts of *Enemies*; for *his mercy endureth for ever!* and taught us to look up to his never failing Mercy, when *Friends failed*, for *his mercy endureth for ever!* who returned us safe to England, for *his mercy endureth for ever!* we called upon him in the day of our Trouble, he delivered us, and we will glorifie him.

Reader, this Narrative is true, peruse it seriously, and let not Vanity tempt thee to say; Things might have been better contrived, *wiselier managed*; it was God that did what was Good in All; call not his wisdom in Question, because he did not create *more wanders* to gratifie thy itching Humour; perhaps thou wouldst have had us been brought over upon a *Floating Island*, or in a *Whales Belly*, but I do not understand that the great God is bound to work Miracles to save *mens longings*: God has done his work well, and none can mend it; for, *what can the man do that comes after the King?* Eccl. 2. 12. For the matter of *Fact* Recorded herein, I might safely call God to Record upon my Soul that I lye not: The thing is known to many, and has been sifted, and scann'd by such Eyes and Ears as are not guilty of easie Credulity; I have

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Evidence that may storm the most obstinate unbelief: Mr. *Thomas Saunders*, my Wife's Brother, being in *Mayork* not long after we came from thence, saw our Boat hang up for a *Monument* upon the side of the great Church there. Mr. *Robert Hales*, who was there 1671. assures me he saw the naked Ribs and Skeleton of it then hanging in the same place: Now, I assure thee, Reader, I should be much ashamed of my self, if Strangers unconcerned in my Personal Deliverances, should be so far concerned as to preserve a Memorial of them, and yet unthankful I should Erect no Standard or Pillar as an Evidence of Gods wonderful appearing for me.

It's true, I am informed by one, that some affirm, there are more Boats hanging up in *Mayork*, in Memory of some such like escape: Now, if others have really escaped the same danger, by the same means, it greatly confirms our Narrative; and I do heartily rejoyce, that Providence has appeared in the same Method for others, as for our selves: we never intended to Monopolize Gods Providences to our sole use & behoof; and we rejoyce if our Attempt and Success may have encouraged others to make the like attempt, and have found the like success; but I do assert it with great confidence, that when we were in *Mayork*, there was no such Boat hanging up, but the Inhabitants there entertained our Deliverance as such whereof they had no parallel: But if on the other side, these, or some

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some of these succeeding Boats were but *Imposture*, then the goodness of God appears more remarkable towards us, that we really were the Subjects of such wonder, which others durst only pretend to; and it sets a lustre upon this great *Sa'vation*, which others have thought so considerable, that they judged it worth the while to sell a lye to entitle themselves to the Credit of it; for it's Gold and Silver, not Copper, or baser Metals, that they who drive the Coyning Trade, strive to Counterfeit.

Let then every one that Reads, understand, and seriously sit down, and consider with himself, whether he has not had many eminent Personal Deliverances in one kind or other, which this Marvellous Providence of God towards us may not refresh his memory withal; and if he shall hence be taught to blush at his forgetfulness of lapsed Mercies; if this Narrative shall recover any lost Providences, and fix them on, and rivet into his Soul; if he shall find himself awakened to due thankfulness to God for all his benefits towards him; let him joyn with me in ascribing all the Power, and therefore all the Glory, to the Almighty, and let him kindly Accept the Assistance of him, who shall reckon it amongst his other Mercies, to have been Serviceable to any one in Reviving a better frame of Heart. I am,

Reader,
Thy Friend and Servant,
W. Okeley.



A SMALL
MONUMENT
OF GREAT
MERCY:

SECT. I.

*A Brief Account of those Providences
which led towards our Captivity
in Algiers.*

THIS Narrative would be too Happy
if it should not meet with some hasty
and impatient Spirits, that grudge the
time that's spent in *Preface and Introduction;*
and such as *these*, are wild to come at the *Story*
of the *Boat*; all the rest is but one great tedious
Impertinency, they'll not give a Figg for all the
other.

other. I shall make never the more haste for unreasonable Importunity; but the Remedy is in their own hands, they may turn over a few leaves, and meet with it in it's proper place, if they sit upon Thorns. But to the more judicious and considerate, it will be acceptable to know how our Foot was taken in the Snare, as well as how the Snare was broken, and we delivered.

In the Moneth of June, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand, Six Hundred Thirty and Nine, in pursuance of a Commission from the Right Honourable, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Say, and the Lord Brook, we took Ship at Gravesend, in the *Mary of London*, carrying six Guns, Mr. Boarder being Master, and James Walker the Masters Mate; the Ship was chiefly Laden with Linnen and Woollen Cloath, having in her, Seamen and Passengers, above sixty, bound for the Isle of Providence in the *West-Indies*. Five weeks we lay in the Downs, wishing, and waiting for a Wind, and then we set Sail, and came to an Anchor near the *Isle of Wight*; but by this time all our Beer in the Ship stunk, and we were forced to throw it over board, and to take in Vinegar to mix with Water for our Voyage. The next Lords Day we set Sail again, and coming between the Island and the Main Land, we stuck fast in the Sands, but the Tide coming in, hove us off. These Circumstances seem very inconsiderable to those that were not concerned in the Products of them; but

but God has given us the Advantage and leisure to see what great things were in the Womb of these little things. Had the Wind stood longer against us, it had been more for us, and the danger had been past; had it stood less while against us, it had been for us too, and we had been gone past the danger: But God appoints it the Moment when it should come about to blow us into the Mouths of our Enemies: We see the Truth of that, *Ye know not what to pray for*: We prayed for a Wind, and we had a Whirlwind: If we always knew what mischief the Answer of our Prayers would do us, we should be glad to eat our words, and pray against our Prayers. Denial is often the best Answer, and we had need leave all Petitions to the wisdom of God to be Interpreted, according to his good pleasure, and returned as they may be good for us, and make most for his own Glory: we were also taught, that the Sea may sometimes be our best Friend, and the Earth our worst Enemy; and that nothing can do us good or hurt but by the Direction and Commission of the Almighty.

We were now three Ships in Company, and one of the other I remember carried Nine Guns, Mr. Church, Master. The sixth day after our setting Sail from the *Isle of Wight*, by break of Day in the Morning, we discovered three Ships about three or four Leagues to Lee-ward: The Masters of our Ships presently consulted, what was

was most adviseable; whether to stay and speak with them, or to make the best of our way; at last (upon what Reasons I know not) it was determined that we should stay: It was not long before we Discovered those other three Ships to be *Turky* Men of War, who espying their prey, endeavoured to come up with us, which about Night they effected: Whilst they were coming up, the Masters of our Ships seemed resolved to Fight them, and accordingly made preparation to receive them; but in the Night, the Master and Company of the Ship wherein I was, altered their Counsels, let their Resolutions dye, and agreed to run for it; *uncertain Counsels never produce better success*; when we might have gone, then we would stay; and when there was no way to escape, then we must needs attempt it: Had we either at first resolved not to Fight them, or resolving to Fight, had prosecuted our Resolutions like men of Courage, we might, perhaps, either have avoyded the danger, or bravely Master'd it. The *Turks* perceiving us begin to run, sent one of their Number to Chase us, whilst their other two attended the remaining two of our Company till the Morning. At break of Day they began to Fight us, and after a short Dispute Boarded us, and took us all three: In the *Mary*, six were slain, and many wounded; so small was the difference between *Flight and Fight*; but that the Death and Wounds of those that flye, are dishonourable; but of them
that

that Fight, beautiful, and Glorious.

Many weeks they kept us close Prisoners at Sea; we found many *Englishmen* in their Ships, Slaves, like our selves, from whom we had no other Comfort, but the Condoling of each others Miseries, and that from them we learnt a smattering of the Common Language, which would be of some use to us when we should come to *Algiers*, whither, after five or six weeks, we were brought.

SECT.

SECT. II.

The Description of Algiers, with their Manner of Buying, and Selling Slaves.

Algier is a City very pleasantly Scituated on the side of the Hills, over-looking the Mediterranean, which lyes North of it; and it lifts up it's proud Head so Imperiously, as if it Challenged a Sovereignty over those Seas, and expected Tribute from all that shall look within the *Streights*. It lyes in the 30th. Degree of Longitude, and hath somewhat less than 35 Degrees of North Latitude: The City is considerably large, the Walls being above three miles in Compass, beautified and strengthened with five Gates: *Port-Marine* towards the North, and *Port Piscadore* not far from thence, and *Porta Nova* towards the South; built, as they Report, by the *Spaniard*, whilst it was in their Possession: The West Gate, which they call *Bubawite*, and the Eastern Gate, which in their Tongue is called *Bubazoon*: They have also several strong Castles besides that upon the point of the Mole, so that the Town is judged impregnable. The City is Built very stately, and yet more strong than stately; and more

Famous

Famous than strong, but not more Famous for any thing than for infamy, being the Retreat, the Nest of those *Turkish* Corsairs, which have long Tyrannized in, and been a Terror to the Neighbouring Seas. It is supposed by some to contain four thousand Families, by others, fourscour thousand Persons; but they must needs be very short in their Reckoning, it having been Judged, that of all Nations there could be no less than *twenty five thousand Slaves*. The Private Buildings are very beautiful, flat Roof'd, Adorned with Galleries towards their Courts, supported by Pillars: And they may afford to build sumptuously, because they build at other mens cost, and with other mens hands: Their Temples are also very Magnificent, and much too good for their Religion, whose Practice and Conversation speaks them to say, *There is no God*. And yet we Read of a *Religious Thief*, who never went about the *works of his calling* (for so he called *stealing*) but he would solemnly implore the Assistance of his Idol: A strange god, sure; that would be accessary to his Devoto's Robberies: And a strange Worshipper, that either hoped to Flatter his god to become his accomplice in Villany, with the Vow of a good round share of the Booty, or would be such a Fool, to think That God worth the Worshipping that should be thus flatter'd. They have also many stately Baths, to which the Men resort in the Morning. and the Women in the After-

C

no n;

noon. But they want *one, worth them all*, where in they might by Faith and Repentance wash away their filthiness.

To this *fair City* we were brought, yet in our Eyes it was most *ugly and deformed*; for the *French Proverb* is universally true, *Il n'y a point de bel Prizon. There is no such thing as a fair Prison*. I confess, for a *Goal*, it's one of the *best built* that I have seen; there's nothing that the Soul of Man bears with more regret than *Restraint*: The Body it self is judged by some to be but the Souls *little-ease*, or *Cage*; where though it seems to *Dwell*, yet 'tis but in *Honourable Durance*; and though it dares not *break the Prison*, yet it listens, and longs for a *Goal-delivery*: There can be nothing large enough for a Soul but God, from whom since it *once at first* came, it must needs be restless till it *return to him* again; and surely it has much forgot it self, and extract, if it can take up with satisfaction in any thing *on this side* its Creator.

As soon as we were put ashore, for the first Night we were *lock'd down in a deep nasty Cellar*; some inconveniences we *felt*, but they were nothing to what we *feared*: The next day we were *carried*, or *led*, or rather *driven* to the Vice-Roys, or *Bashaw's Palace*, who according to the Custom, and his own Right, is to have the *tenth man for his Dividend of the Slaves*.

When the next Market day came, we were
driven

ariven like Beasts thither, and exposed to *Sale*; and there is a great deal of God's goodness in *that one word*, that it was not to the *Slaughter-house* to be *Butcher'd*, as well as to the *Markte* to be *Sold*. Their *Cruelty* is great, but their *Covetousness* exceeds their *Cruelty*; could they make as much of us *Dead*, as they make *alive*, that so *both the Interests*, of *Cruelty*, and of *Covetousness* might be *secured and reconciled*, we are well assured which way it should have gone with us. But it must be a great deal of *Tallow and Fat*, that will answer *two or three Dollars a Moneth*.

Their manner of Selling Slaves is this. They lead them up and down the Fair, or Market; and when a Chapman bids any money, they presently cry, *a-Rache! a-Rache!* that is, *Here's so much money bidden, who bids more?* They that cheapen the exposed Slaves are very *circumspect* Persons, they carry their eyes in their *Heads*, as well as *their money in their Purses*, and use the *one* in laying out the *other*; for they are loth to *buy a Pig in a poke*: Their first Policy is to *look in their mouths*; and a good, strong, entire set of Grinders will advance the Price considerably; and they have good Reason for this Practice: for first, they are Rational Creatures, and know, that they who have *not Teeth*, cannot eat; and they that *cannot eat*, cannot work; and they that *cannot work*, are not for their turn; and they that are not for their turn, are not for

their money. And Secondly, they intend to keep them at hard meat all the Year, and it must not be gums, but solid Teeth (nay, if it were possible, case-harden'd Teeth) that must chew it; and when all is done, they had need of the Ostriches Stomach to digest it. Their next process is to feel their Limbs; as whether there be any Fracture, or Dislocation in the Bones; any thing Analogical to Spavin, or Ring-bone, for these will bring down the Market wonderfully: And to be clean Limb'd, close coupled, well jointed, will advance it as much. The Age is very considerable; but they that sell them, did not breed them, and therefore they know nothing, more or less of that: Two ways they have to find out the Age; the one is, to stand to the courtesie of the Slaves, but they are not bound to make any such Discovery, and therefore they go by general conjectures from the Beard, Face, or Hair; but a good set of Teeth will make any one ten Years Younger, and a broken one ten Years Older than the Truth; for if they were five hundred Years Old all is a case, if they could but eat and work; or if they could not eat, yet if they could but work, or if neither eat nor work, if their Skins would but fetch in the money again. You shall have the Seller commend his Goods to the Sky, and the Buyer, on the other hand, as much undervalue them, and the true Market-price commonly lies just between them; but so it is all the World over. O, says the

the Seller, mark what a back he has, what a breadth he bears between the shoulders! What a Chest! How strong set! How fitted on the nonce for Burdens! He'll do but e'ne too much work. Pish, says the Buyer, He looks like a Pillard, like a very Meacock at his Provender, and one that seems to be surfeited. But they are very curious in examining the Hands; for if they be callous and brawny, they will shrewdly guess they have been inured to Labour; if delicate, and tender, they will suspect some Gentleman, or Merchant, and then the hopes of a good Price of Redemption makes him Saleable.

When any are Sold, they must be trotted once more to the Vice-Roys, that he may have the Review of them, and if he likes any of them at the prizes they went off at, there's no more Dispute, they are his own.

As for my self, I was Sold the first Market-day to a Tagareen; and that the Reader may not stumble at that hard word, he may understand; That when the Moors were driven out of Spain by Ferdinand the Great, they, upon their return into Africa, assumed Names that might Argue Gentility, and be an Evidence of their Ancient Extract, from such places where they had been great Dons, and accordingly there are many Families thus denominated; as Tagareens, Jarbeens, &c.

SECT. III.

An Account of some Difficulties that I met with during my Captivity in Algiers.

Those Miseries which it is dreadful to endure, are yet delightful to be remembered; and there's a secret pleasure to chew the Cud, and ruminate upon escaped dangers: However, the Reader may afford to run over with his Eye in an hour, that which I ran through in five Years; and supposing himself safe upon the Amphitheatre, may behold poor Slaves Combating with beasts below.

The first Adventure I met with after I was brought to my Patrons House (for so I must now stile him) had well nigh cost me my Life. My Patron's Father being desirous to see his Sons Penny-worth, commanded me up into a Gallery, which looked into the Court; he began to insult over me with insupportable scorn, reflecting upon me because I was a Christian, and cast out some Expressions which did really reflect upon the Person of my Redeemer, (though I have heard worse since.) My Neck was not yet bowed, nor my Hears broken to the Yoke of Bondage; I could not well brook, because I had not been used then to such Language; and because I could not

not express my self in the *Morefco*, or *Lingua Franc*, I supplied it with Signs; and imitating the Coblers Yarks, I signified both ways as well as I could, That their Prophet was but a Cöbler. I confess, my meaning was no more, but that Mahomet, by the help of Sergius, a Nestorsan Monk, and Abdalla the Jew, had patch'd up a Cento of Jewish, and Monkish Fopperies, which was now their Religion. But he, without the preamble of many Railing words, fell upon me with severe blows; what ever Rage and Fury his Hands or Feet could Execute, that I felt; and my intreaties did but enrage his choler, so that I saw I might sooner blow out the Fire with a pair of bellows, than lenifie his Passion with prayers; I had no other way but this, to make an offer of leaping down out of the Gallery into the Court, and therefore clapping my Hands upon the Rails, as if I would throw my self head-long down over them, and rather chuse to receive my Death from the Pavement, than his Hands, he presently asswages, if not his Rage, yet the Execution of it. The Old Gentleman knew very well, that if I lost my Life, his Son must lose his present money, and future profit; for there's little made out of a Dead Mans Skin: and therefore he respites my further punishment till my Patron's return, and then indeed this reputed blasphemy of mine with full cry was carried to his Ears, and it lost nothing in the telling, but was aggravated to purpose: My Patron being

Naturally a very passionate Man, said nothing, but without Examination, drew out *his long knife*, (which they constantly wear by their sides) and made at me; and had there doubtless put an end to *my life and captivity at once*, had not his wife, who was there seasonably present, taken him in her Arms, and sweeten'd him into more moderate counsels. Some will be ready enough to say that I was but a *Martyr to my own Folly*: This was not a place for *Dispute*, but *Obedience*. Well, I learnt from hence two Lessons: One, *That when the Body is a Slave, the Reason must not expect to be Free*; and where the whole outward Man is in Bondage, the *Tongue* must not plead Exemption. A Second, That it's fair for Slaves to enjoy the *freedom of their own Consciences*, without *Reviling anothers Religion*, though erroneous; and *this wit I bought*, as it fell out, a *pretty good Penny-worth*.

When the Storm was over, my Employment was assigned me (for they had rather see a Slave *dead than Idle*) and for about half a Year it lay in trudging on Errands, bearing Burdens, and discharging other domestick Services at Command, wherein the onely consideration was, *that it was commanded*, and not *What was commanded*.

At this time my Patron had a *part in a Man of War*, which carried twelve Guns: She being at Sea (with some others of the same place) met with an *English Merchant*, Laden with Plate,

Plate, and other Rich Commodities from Spain, and Bound for London, (one Isaac being Master,) and after a very sharp, though short dispute, the *Algerines* carried her, and brought her safe home. The Adventurers divide their Booty, and being high flown with this success, they Resolve to fit her out again to carry more Guns; and from hence grew my new Employment. Upon the *Carpenters* I attended, waited on the *Smiths*, to get the Iron-work fitted, and finished; and truly he allowed me more for Portage than to the ordinary *Hammeis*, or *Common Porters*.

When this Ship was now fitted for another Adventure, my Patron tells me, *I must go in her*; it was a nipping word: I pleaded, that I was no Sea-man, understood nothing of the Mariners Art, and therefore as he could expect little Service from me in that kind, so I must expect most rigorous treatment, because I could not acquit my self in the Service as well as others; he removed my Pleas, and promised I should not be wronged; but there was more at the bottom than all this: For here a case of Conscience offered it self, *Whether I might without sin in any case fight against Christians, on the Port of the common Enemy of all Christianity?* The best Resolution I could give my self, was this; that first, my employment would onely lye in *managing the Tackle*, which will kill no body; but it was replied, that *without the due management of the*

the Tackle, all the Guns in the Ship would kill no body: Secondly, therefore I answered, That it was not evident that they would engage against Christians more than all the rest of Mankind, for all the World are their Enemies, who are Rich enough to invite them, and too weak to resist them; but my Patron had a solution worth all these: He told me peremptorily, I must, and should go; I found my self under force, I was a Press'd Man: who could not examine the Justice of the Cause. In a word, his Commands were back'd with Compulsion, and whatever his Authority was, he had more power than I had Courage to deny, or strength to resist; and go I did. Yet this I will say for him; he spoke to the Captain and Officers of the Ship, to treat me civilly, that is, less cruelly than other Slaves were treated: He gave me some money also in my Pocket, bought me Cloaths, and laid me in Provision above the Ships allowance.

Nine weeks we were at Sea, within, and without the Streights, Cruising, and Pickarooning up and down, at last we met with one poor Hungarian French Man of War, whom we took, and so returned.

My Patron having been at great charges in fitting, and manning out this Ship, and the Repairs so slenderly Answering his great cost, and greater hopes, told me, I must allow him two Dollars per moneth, and Live ashore where I would, and get it where I could. This was a
hard

hard chapter, That he that cou'd not maintain himself, should be compelled to contribute to the maintenance of another; it was difficult to raise increase out of no stock, and to pay Interest out of no Principal; but there was no contending: It cost me much debate with my self, and I turn'd my thoughts into all forms and shapes, but all projects that presented themselves were incumbered with so many difficulties, that they amounted very near to impossibilities. The more I consulted, the further I found my self from a conclusion, and I could see no way but one, (but that was worth a thousand, could I have made the best of it,) and that was to commit my self to God, who had brought me into this strait, beseeching him that he would bring me out of it.

But that my trusting to God might not be a cloak for Laziness, or a Pillow for Sloath to rest upon, I address my self to an English-man, whose condition was that of a Slave, whose Calling was that of a Taylor. He at first word counselled me to come and stay with him, and he would teach me to work of his Trade. I accounted nothing base that was honest, and necessary would ennoble a far meaner Employment, and very readily closed in my thoughts with his motion, and was suddenly elevated into huge hopes that I should now be in a capacity to Answer my Patron's demands, and escape his lash. But my straits were not (it seems) great enough to glorifie God; nor my condition mean enough to mag-

magnifie his Power in raising me; I was not reduced to that *Extremity* which would make an *Opportunity* to exalt his appearing Mercy; for when I came to him the next day, I perceived by his silence that his Mind was changed, and I was loth, *either out of Modesty, or Pride*, to give him further trouble; and therefore Interpreting his Silence to be a more *Civil way of denial*, I left him, and once more *Launched out into the wide World*.

In this forlorn Posture I wandred, but neither *knew*, nor much cared *whither*; though the wise God both *knew*, and *cared*; and his Providence Directed me to another *English-man*, who was sitting in a *little Shop*: He asked me what News? And (as that which is uppermost always comes out first) I presently began the Story of my desperate Condition; how the Rigid Law of my Patron had imposed *two Dollars per Month upon me*, and I knew not where to levy the *least Mite of it*: He heard, considered, Pityed my Condition, and invited me to come and sit in the Shop with him; but seeing nothing but bare Walls, I asked him, *to what End*? What Trade should we drive there? There's not much difference between *sterving in the Streets, and in the Shop*. Country-man (said he) I drive here an unknown Trade; here I sell Lead, Iron, Shot, Strong-waters, Tobacco, and many other things: This Motion was a great deal too good to be refused; and I think at that time no tolerable

able condition would have stuck with me.

I acquainted my Patron with my Design, pleaded I wanted stock to set up with; he lent me a *small modicum*, and with another *piissance* that I had privately reserved of my own, I began to Trade. That very Night I went and bought a parcel of Tobacco; the next Morning we dress'd it, cut it, and fitted it for Sale; and the World seemed to smile on us wonderfully. In this way of Partnership we continued for some while, and what we got clear, we divided every week according to the proportion of our respective stocks. In a while, finding the world to come in upon us, we ventured upon no less than a *whole But of Wine*; some *Money* we had, and some *Credit*: This Wine we drew out, and got considerably by it. But it's very difficult to maintain Moderation in an exalted state, for even *our state* was capable of *better and worse*; for my Partner being elevated with our good Success, grew a *good Fellow, and a bad Husband*; neglected his business, went tipsing, and fudd'ing up and down, and the concerns of the Shop and Trade lay wholly upon my shoulders.

It fell out, that one *John Randal*, who, with his Wife and Child were taken in the same Ship with my self, being put to the same shifts with my self, and, as 'tis very common, having a Monthly Tax imposed upon him by his Patron, which he must scrape up where he could, and besides maintain himself, his Wife, and Child,

went

went up and down seeking for Relief, at last the poor Man straggled to our Shop: His case made great impression upon me, I could not but consider the goodness of God to me, that should now be in a condition to *advise, and help another*, who so lately *wanted both* my self; and it had this operation upon me, that I wou'd not suffer a poor distressed Countrey-man, a Fellow-Captive, a Fellow-Christian to stand begging at *that door*, where I had so lately stood my self: Shall I shut the Door, or my Heart upon him, when God had opened a Door of hope to me in the day of my Trouble? Shall I so ill requite the Lords kindness to me? Surely that God *who comforts us in our Tribulations*, expects that we *should comfort others* in theirs, 2 Cor. 1. 4. I bad him therefore come in, and knowing him to be a *Glover by Trade*, advised him to learn to make Canvas Cloaths for Sea-men that are Slaves; and for my own part, he should sit *Rent-free*; but if my Partner would insist upon *his Moiety*, he must be willing to satisfy him, for I had no power to determine of anothers Right.

It were tedious to trouble the Reader how I wore out three or four irksome Years in this way of Trading: All this while there was no dawning of Deliverance from our Bondage: As one Year left us, another found us, and delivered us over Captives to the next: Our condition was bad, and in danger every day of being worse,

worse, as the mutable Humours of our Patroness determin'd upon us, for our Shop and Trade was *no free-hold*: The truth is, in time we were so *habituated to Bondage*, that we almost *forgot Liberty*, and grew stupid, and senseless of our Slavery; like *Issachar*, we *Couched down between our burdens*, we *bowed our shoulders to bear*, and became *Servants to Tribute*, Gen. 49. 14, 15. And were in danger to be like those *Israelites in Babylon*, who being once settled, *forgot Canaan*, and *dwelt with the King for his work*, 1 Chron. 4. 23. We seem'd as if our *Ears had been bored*, and we had vowed to *Serve our Patroness for ever*. Long Bondage breaks the Spirits, it scatters *Hope* off, and discourages all attempt for *Freedom*: And there were more evils attended our condition than *the bodily torture*, which we were always *liable to*, and sometimes *endured*,

1. We were under a perpetual temptation to *deny the Lord that bought us*, to make our *Souls Slaves*, that our *Bodies might Recover Liberty*. As Satan once tempted *Job to Curse God*, and *dye*; so he knew how to change his note to us, and accommodate his *Snare to our Condition*, to *Curse God*, that we might *Live*. How many have made *Ship-wrack of Faith*, that they might not be *Chained to the Gallies*? I can never enough admire the grace of that Promise, *Psal. 125. 3. The Rod of the Wicked shall not always rest upon the Lot of the Righteous, lest the Righteous*

Righteous put forth their hands to Iniquity; nor ever enough adore the faithfulness of him, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, 1 Cor. 10. 13.

And 2. Evil is the unmaning, and dispiriting of the Soul to worthy Actions; for we are apt to put on the Temper and Spirit of Slaves with the Habit, and the Christians of the Greek communion, are a very sad instance of this Truth.

And 3, We were very much at a loss for the Preaching of the Word: And yet herein the gracious God stepped in for our Relief.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

How God Provided for our Souls, by sending us an Able Minister to Preach the Gospel to us in our Bondage.

THE Gracious God looking upon the affliction of his poor Servants, and Remembering us in our low Estate, was pleased many ways to mitigate the load of our Captivity: We have Reason to say, with the Church, *Ezra 9. 9. We were Bondsmen, yet our God hath not forsaken us in our Bondage, but hath extended Mercy to us, to give us a reviving, and a Nail in his Holy place:* And thus he brought about his Design of Grace and Mercy. There was an *English Ship* taken by some of our *Algerine Pirates*, and in her one Mr. *Devereux Sprat*, a Minister of the Gospel. It deserves our consideration, and greatest Admiration, that the wise God should supply our Necessities at the cost and charges of others of his dear Servants: But thus Providence sent *Joseph* into *Egypt*, where he endured a thirteen Years Slavery, that he might preserve the Lives of his Fathers Family, within whose narrow walls the most visible Church of God in those days was enclosed, *Gen. 45. 5.* Now, some of us observing this Mr. *Sprat* to be a Per-

D son

son of very Sober, Grave, and Religious Deportment, we address'd our selves to him, and humbly entreated him, that we might enjoy the benefit of his Ministry; in Order whereto, we desired him that he would compound with his Patron at so much a moneth as he could, and because we were abundantly convinc'd of our Duty to administer to him of our *Carnal things*, who should administer to us of his *Spirituals*, we engaged to allow him a *Competency* to maintain himself, and satisfy the expectations of his Patron: The good man hearkened to us with much readiness; and now indeed we found our burdens much lighter, and our conditions not press so hard upon our Spirits: *Thrice a week* this Godly painful Servant of Jesus Christ prayed with us, and Preach'd to us the Word of God; our meeting place was a Cellar, which I had hired at some distance from our Shop, where I stowed some Goods that were peculiarly my own, when we fell into a greater stroke of Trade. To our Meetings resorted many, sometimes three or fourscore, and though we met *next the Street*, yet we never had the least disturbance from the *Turks*, or *Moor*s; for whilst we intermeddled not with *their Superstitions*, but paid our Patroness *their demands*, we might, without any disturbance from them, *Worship our God, according to our Consciences*: It's true, that such were the circumstances of the Slavery of many poor Christians, that they *could not* attend; and such

such the wretched carelessness of others, that they *would not* attend, and such the Provisions that God had made for others, by other means, that they *needed not*, perhaps, attend upon Gods Worship with us; but thus was our God pleased to give us the means of *strengthening our Faith*, and *Comforting our drooping Spirits*.

At length came one Captain *Wildy* of *Ratcliff* to Trade there, who, with the Assistance of the *Leghorn* Merchants, freed our Minister from his Patron. After his freedom from his Patron, yet there remained a *Duty of sixty Dollars*, which was a particular charge payable to the Publick Treasury, before he could be fully enlarged from the City: We Petitioned therefore the Captain, that *he might*, and Mr. *Sprat* himself, that *he would* still continue to be Serviceable to our poor Souls, in the work of the Gospel, and we easily prevailed, and had the benefit of his Ministry whilst I staid there.

SECT. V.

Some Remarkable Observations that I gleaned up, whilst I remained in Algiers.

They that are pressed with *their own Personal Grievances*, have little leisure to look abroad, and observe the *Motions of others*; and indeed our own Afflictions however sweetned, lay still gnawing, and grating upon our Spirits, that we must needs be very ill qualified to treasure up materials to make a History. Such a Design required Leisure, Liberty, Privacy, Retiredness, Intelligence, and strict correspondence, to all which we were perfect Strangers. Yet sometimes I could make a Truce with my Troubles, and obtain so long a cessation from my Vexatious pressures, as to make Observation.

And, 1. *The Hypocrisie of their Profession* was so notorious, that he must put out his Eyes that did not see it. One Month in the Year they Observe their *Ramedam*, which is *their Lent*; and indeed they Observe it by day with more than *Monkish Austerity*, imposing upon themselves a total *Abstinence*: An Observation which they may be presumed to owe to that *Nestorian Monk*,

Monk, who club'd with *Mahomet* in the cursed invention of the *Alchoran*: But for all their demure *Quadragesimal looks by day*, they give, or sell themselves to commit with *greediness* all manner of the most execrable Villanies by night. And they cheat themselves with this evasion; that forsooth *Mahomet* Commanded them to Fast so many Days, but not so many Nights: For now they beat up their Drums, and call their Friends first out of bed, then out of doors; they provoke, challenge, dare one another to eat, drink, and run into all excess of Riot. They will neither spare Man in their Rage, nor Woman in their Lust: The two hungry Meals of the Day, makes the third of the Night an errand Clutton. By Day they create themselves a Purgatory, and by Night the poor Slaves find a Hell. Now, when they have cram'd their Guts all Night, and are *Maw-sick* in the morning, they put on their *Lenten face* again; and call that a Fast, which is but *Physick*; and pretend Religion for that which they are compell'd to by Nature; that is, they Fast when they can eat and drink no longer: But indeed their Fast by Day is nothing but a dry *Drunkennes*; for when they have drunk, and whored themselves into sin, they fancy they merit a pardon by *abstinence*. A piece of Hypocrisie so gross, that whether it be to be sampled any where in the World, unless, perhaps, by the *Papish Carnivals*, I cannot tell.

2. I could not but Observe, that though they allow, *that every Man may be saved in that Religion he professes, provided he walks by its Rules*, and therefore that at last, the Jews, under the Banner of *Moses*; the Christians, under the Banner of *Christ*; and the Turks, under the Banner of *Mahomet*, shall all March over a fair bridge, into I know not what *Paradise*, a place far beyond the *Elisian Fields*; yet they afford no mercy to one, who having once professed, afterwards Revolts from *Mahometanism*; an instance whereof I shall now present the Reader with.

The *Spaniards* every Year return a considerable sum of money to *Algiers*, to be employed in the Redemption of such of their own Country as are there in Slavery: Some say, there is a particular *Treasury* set apart for that Service; but this I know, that they use the *Charitable benevolence of well disposed Persons*, to advance it. Now, there was a *Spanish Frier*, that was a Slave, who being passed by in the Redemption that Year, took it very *hainously* to be neglected, thought himself much wronged; hereupon he grows *Discontented*, and the Devil (who never works with greater success than upon that Humour) takes the Advantage to push him on; and he in a pett, Renounces the Christian Religion, declares himself a *Mussulman*, and accordingly appears in his *Turkish Habit*. I knew him very well by sight, he was a fat, corpulent

corpulent Person; but after he had turned *Renegado*, I observed him to become *strangely lean*, and dejected in his Countenance, but I little suspected, that the Root of his Distemper lay in his Conscience: but it seems he had severely reflected upon his *Apostacy*, for he had not Renounced *only his Popery*, but his *Christianity*: His own Conscience, which was a thousand Witnesses against him, was a thousand Tormentors to him: Long he bore it's secret and stinging Lashes, but when he could no longer stand under them, he goes to the Vice-Roy's Palace, and there openly declares himself a Christian, and protests against the Superstition and Idolatry of *Mahomet*, as a most Execrable, and damnable Imposture: Immediately he is convened before the Council, and there strictly Examined, he persists resolutely in his Profession, whereupon he is clapt in Irons, and for some time there secured: Now, they pretended this Reason for their procedure. That there had been some practising and tampering with him, either *Morally by Argument*, or *Naturally by some Dose of intoxicating Drugs*, that had thus Distempered him; for loth they were it should be thought, that any Man of sound mind, or master of his Reason, would ever Revolt from their Religion: But when they saw him fixt in his Resolution, and that neither what he felt, or might fear; what they had inflicted, or could threaten, did unhinge him from his Profession, they proceeded

ceeded to the last Remedy, and inexorably *Condemned him to the Fire*: A way of Punishment which they learnt from the Spaniards themselves, who first set up the Inquisition against the Moors, and have now turned the edge of it against the Protestants. And now they proceed to the Execution of the Sentence, which was performed with some *Pomp, and State*. And first, they formed a Crown with a Cross upon the top of it, within the Plates, and Bars whereof they put Flax; thus Crowned, they Guard him through the City, out of the West Gate, about half a mile, which was the appointed place of Execution: and first, one puts Fire to the Flax in his *mock-Crown*, to take possession of his Head, in the Name of the rest of his Body: at first he shook it off, but another put Fire again to it with a Cane, and then the poor man stood patiently; and presently they put Fire to the whole Pile, and there burnt him: I saw some of his Bones, and scorched Flesh after he was dead; and the same Evening came a Zealous Spaniard, and carried away some of his scorched Flesh, and Bones, as the *Holy Reliques of a Martyr*, saying, *I have now done enough to make satisfaction for all the sins that I have committed.*

3. It's worth Admiration, to see in what great awe they stand of the meanest Officer, who is known to be such by his Turbant, and Habit. If any Assault be made, or a murder committed in the Streets, the *Chiaux*, or Officer pre-

presently comes without any Weapon, or Person to assist him; and if he seizes the Offenders, none is so hardy as to resist even unarmed Authority.

4. The great Reverence which the Moors pay to the Turks, though both *Muhumetans*, is remarkable: If a Moor shall dare to strike a Turk, he is punished with great severity: I saw two Moors whilst I was there, whose Right Hands were chop'd off for this one Crime, and hung about their Necks in strings; the one was set upon an Ass, the other walkt by on foot, the Common Cryer proclaiming before them their Offence, through the chief Streets of the City. I saw another also with his heels tyed to a Horses Tayl; he was wholly naked, onely he had on a pair of Linnen Drawers, and thus was he dragg'd through the Streets: It was a most lamentable Spectacle, to see his Body all torn with the rugged way, and stones: the skin torn off his Back, and Elbows, his Head broken, and all covered with blood, and dirt, and thus was he dragg'd through the City out at *Babazoon*, or the East-Gate, where he ended his miserable Life.

Two others of their own Countrey-men I saw Executed in a most terrible, and dreadful manner, (but either I did not know, or do not remember their Crimes:) The one was thrown off from a high Wall, and in his Fall he was caught by the way, by one of the great sharp Hooks, which

which were fastned in the Wall; it caught him *just under the Ribs*, and there he hung *roaring in unspeakable pain* till he dyed. The other was *fastned to a Ladder*, his wrists, and Ankles being nailed through with *Iron spikes*, in such a poiture as somewhat resembles the *Celebrated Cross of St. Andrew*; and lest his Flesh and Sinews should fail, and the Nails not hold; his Wrists and Ankles were bound fast with small Cords to the Ladder: *Two days I saw him alive under this Torture*, how much longer he Lived under it I cannot tell.

5. They are generally great Enemies to Debauchery in Publick: It's a great scandal to them when they see any Christians, *who brought that Beastiality out of their own Countries with them*, to be guilty of it. I have heard them say, of a Drunken Slave; *A Christian? No, He's a Swine*. And though they will indulge themselves by Night (especially in their *Ramedam Moneth*) yet woe be to him, that shall Offend by Day in that kind. There was an *English-man*, who had brought over with him his *Drunken Humour*, and his Captivity had not made him Sober: and when Religion has not firm hold of the Heart, a little matter will make such a one let go his hold of Religion: This *English-man* turn'd a Renegado, and of a *Drunken Christian* became a *Drunken Turk*, and was not able to keep the Pot from his Head, during their holy time of *Ramedam*; being one day found thus like a Sor,

Sot, he was brought into the *Cassabal*, or chief Court of Judicature, where he was adjudged to receive many hundreds of violent blows; some upon his naked Back and Reins, others upon his naked Belly; he could not creep from the place of punishment, but was carried away by the Hammels; his Belly, and Back were so excoriated, that *Sampson Baker*, an *English-man*, who was his Chirurgeon, assured me he was forced to cut off abundance of his Flesh before he could be Cured.

6. What Cruelties they Exercise upon poor Slaves, needs not be mentioned, and there will be an Occasion to speak of the most Ordinary way of punishment e're long. Let it suffice, that all is Arbitrary, and unlimited. If a Patron shall kill his Slave, for ought I could perceive, he suffers no more for it, than if he should kill his Horse: There was a Dutch Youth, a Slave to a Turk, who, upon some provocation, drew his Knife at his Patron; for this Offer, he was Sentenced to be dragg'd out at one of the Gates, and there to have his Arms and Legs broken in pieces with the great Sledge Hammer, which Sentence was accordingly Executed, for though I could not see his Face for the crowd, yet I heard the blows, and the miserable Cry of the poor dying Young Man.

SECT. VI.

The grievous Punishment Inflicted upon John Randal, the Authors Danger, and Deliverance from the same; upon pretence that they had attempted to make an Escape.

IT is time to re-assume my own concerns, and I look a little into my own Condition, which, through the good Providence of God, was much better than that of many of my poor Brethren and Fellow Captives; and yet I met with great Ebbings and Flowings in my Tranquillity: whilst I was managing my Trade very stoutly and successfully, (*John Randal* working with me in my Shop,) my Partner having now knockt off, and left all to me: One day I changed a Twenty shilling piece of Gold for Silver with a Friend, and having the money chinking in my hand, *John Randal* asked me, what I did with so much money? I desired him to keep it for me, till our return, and he should know: For he being not very well, we agreed to walk out of the Town to take the fresh Air; a Liberty, which for somewhat above a mile, is indulged to the Slaves: When we had walked almost to the end of our

Tedder,

Tedder, I was desirous to walk a little further to view the Coasts, if, perhaps, any Advantage might offer it self afterwards for an Escape, though we *Actually designed no such thing*. As we were prying about the Sea-side, one of the Spies appointed constantly to watch, lest any of the Slaves should Run away, came to us, and charged us with an attempt to make an Escape; we flatly denyed it, but he laid hold on us; there was no resisting, Obey we must, and accordingly attended his Master-ship towards the City: As we drew near, I espied some *English men* at Quoits, (for with such *Recreations* and *Diversions*, they are willing now and then to beguile the tedious minutes of lingring thraldom,) I beckoned to one of them whom I knew, & pretending onely to whisper with him, I secretly conveyed to him my Purse, wherein were *seven Pieces of eight*; we were presently met by another Spye, and those two led us to a little blind House, where they search'd us, they took away the twenty shillings, which I had put into my Friends hand, and finding nothing upon me, took away my Doublet, and then brought us before the Vice-Roy, and his Council: We were straightly Examined, and strongly charged with an Attempt to Escape: We peremptorily denyed all, and stood upon our Innocency, affirming, that our onely design of walking abroad, was to take the fresh Air, occasioned by my Fellows Sick-ness. This Purgation would not be Accepted, and

and the Battoon was commanded to be brought forth, we answered, we durst not falsely accuse ourselves, nor make our selves Criminal, when we were not so, and therefore if such was *their will and pleasure*, we must abide by it, and so we sat down by the sticks.

The way of Punishment by the Battoon, or Cudgel, is this. They have a strong staff, about six Foot long, in the middle whereof are bored two holes. Into these holes a Cord is put, and the ends of the Cord fastned on the one side the staff, with knots, so that it makes a Loop on the other side. Into this Loop of the Cord both the Feet of the Person Condemned to this Punishment are put; then two lusty Fellows, one at each end of the staff, lift it up in their Arms, and twisting the staff about, till his Feet are fast pinch'd with the Cord by the Ankles, they raise up his Feet with the soles upwards, well nigh as high as their shoulders, and in this posture they hold them, the poor man the mean while resting only with his Neck and Shoulders on the ground: Then comes another lusty sturdy Knave behind him, and with a tough short Truncheon gives him as many violent blows on the soles of his Feet as the Council shall Order.

But the Vice-Roy, with his Council, gathering from circumstances, and induced to believe us by our constant, and resolute denial of the Fact, omitted at present any further punishment, and only commanded us to be laid in chains

in the Vice-Roy's Prison till our Patroness should demand our Liberty, and fetch us out. And the next day we were both delivered, though with differing Fates; As *Pharaoh's Chief Butler, and Chief Baker* were both taken from Prison, the one to be Advanced, the other to be Hanged: For John Randal's Patron being a very Termagant, used that absolute and unlimited Sovereignty which they pretend to, over their Slaves, and Commanded him to receive three hundred blows upon the Soles of his Feet with the Battoon, in manner before described: As for my self, when I was brought home, the Spye that seized us, came and demanded Money of my Patron for his good Service (not reckoning that he had any thing of me) which put him into a most desperate fit of Passion, and calling me Dog and Jew, and all to naught, commanded me to go work in the Looms with two other English-men that were Slaves, and Linnen-cloath Weavers: But alas, I was a very bungler, and understood nothing of the Craft and Mystery of Weaving more or less; but there I wrought till I had spoyled all that I laid my Hands on: Now, when he saw that my labour this way would not turn to Account, he rated me for a Logger-head, and bad me fill Quills for the other two; being now degraded from a bungling Weaver to an excellent filler of Quills, I continued about a Moneth; my Shop all this while lay at sixes and sevens, what was become

become of it I knew not, and durst not for my Life discover any desire to return to that employment. At last, my Patron asked me for the Money that he had lent me when I first began to Trade: I Answered submissively, that I had not a farthing, all my small Estate lay in a few Goods, and till they were Sold, I could not possibly repay him: He calls one of his Slaves, a Dutch Man, and Commands him to go with me, and turn all into ready Money, and bring it him: When I came to my Old Shop, *there was the Nest indeed, but all the Birds were flown;* for in my absence, (poor John Randul being Lame, and not able to work, my Partner sometime before having left me, and I confined to another Employment,) some of these Rascals had broken open my Shop, and thence carried *the best of my Goods,* though my Cellar was still safe, and some of my Goods I heard of, and recovered; what Money I had was hid in the Ground, as it was my constant way: That night the Dutch-man and my self returned to our Patron, and told him we could sell nothing; whereupon he re-manded me to my Shop, there to Trade, paying him the two Dollars a Moneth, as I had done before.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

The Authors Patron growing poor, he is Sold, or Mortgaged to another; the wonderful kindness that he found from his second Patron.

HERE was nothing yet working towards a Deliverance, nor could I yet see the least glimmering of possibility which might so much as flatter my willing mind with a hope of escaping: But it's Observed, that *the Night is always darkest towards Day-break;* and God is often drawing nearer to us in Mercy, when we conceive he is departing further off in Displeasure.

My Patron had been *sinking in his Estate* a pretty while, the last Ship he had put to Sea *broke his back;* At last he was grown (insensibly) so low, that it could no longer be *daubed up with his Reputation,* but he must be forced to sell all his Slaves to pay his Debts: It was not much to me whither I was *chopd and changed;* I might change my Goaler, and my Goal, but still I was like to be a Prisoner: I might be *bought and sold, and sold again,* but still my Condition was *Slavery;* yet one thing methought was comfortable,

table, that *the last Instrument of my Bondage* was come into Misery as well as my self.

In the partage of his Slaves, it fell to my *Lot and anothers* to be *Mortgaged* for a certain sum of Money, *joynly to two Persons*, the one a Cap-maker, the other a Grave Old Gentleman, who amongst his own People had the Repute of a *good Natur'd and moderate Person*, (as *good Nature, and Moderation* go at *Algier*.) The Day of Payment came, the Money was not paid; the Cap maker and the Old Gentleman *seize on us*, and hold us *in Common*, but in a while they resolved to divide us, that each of them might know his *proper Goods and Chattels*, and each of us might know *whom to call Master*; and whose *whistle* we were bound to Obey: We are both summoned to appear in a certain place at mid-day, and much ado there was about our Dividing: At last they agreed to *Cast Lots for us*, onely because I was in a handsome way of Trade, it was accorded, that he to whose share I should fall, should pay the other fifty Doubles, which, if I compute aright, is something more than fifty shillings Sterling. I was exceeding fearful I should fall to this Cap-maker, for he had the Character of a *brutish, ill-humour'd Creature*, and therefore I was concern'd to list my Petition to God, that seeing, when the Lot should be cast into the lap, yet the whole Disposition thereof is of God, he would give me forth a gracious Lot: Whatever there is of Contingency as to us, there's

there's nothing accidental to God. Well, God Delivered me from that Tyrant, and I was adjudged by the decision of the Lot to the *Old Gentleman*: And if I should be silent here, I should be the most ungrateful wretch Living: I found not onely *pity and compassion*, but *Love and Friendship* from my New Patron; had I been his Son, I could not have met with more respect, nor been treated with more tenderness: I could not wish a Friend a better Condition than I was then in, except my Bonds. If any thing could be mingled with Bondage to make it sweet; if any thing could Reconcile Slavery to Nature; if any thing could beget an Acquiescence in such a state, I did not, I could not want it.

And indeed the Freedom that I found in Servitude, the Liberty I enjoyed in my Bonds was so great, that it took off much of the Edge of my desire to obtain, and almost blunted it from any vigorous attempt after Liberty, that carried hazard in it's Face; till at last I was awakened upon this Occasion.

My Patron had a fair Farm in the Countrey, about twelve miles from the City, whither he took me along with him; he had me to their Markets, shewed me the manner of them, & at my return, he loaded me home with all manner of good Provisions, that I might make merry with my Fellow-Christians; & I had some Reason to conclude from his great kindness to me, that he intended to send me thither to manage the Farm for him. I

saw now evidently, that if I once quitted my shop, I should lose with it *all means, all helps*, and therefore *all hopes* to rid my self out of this Slavery: And though I might have been there a *petty Lord*, and *Bashaw'd* it over the rest of my *Fellow-Servants*, yet Slavery had in it something of I know not what *harshness* that I could not brook. *Fetters of Gold* do not lose their *Nature*, they are *Fetters still*: Had *Bajazet's* Cage been of *Gold*, as 'twas of *Iron*, yet it was a *Cage*; and that was provocation enough to a *haughty Spirit* to beat out his own Brains against it's Bars. This therefore quickned my dull temper, and I began to Resolve to make an Attempt *once for all*. Now therefore mustering those few Wits Captivity had left me, I set them on work, and ran through all things possible, and impossible; he that will find what he has lost, must look where 'tis not, as well as where 'tis; and forming stratagems in my Head, some *Idle*, and *Vain*; some *Desperate*, others *impossible*; at last I pitch upon one, that seem'd to me *feasible*, and *practicable*.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

The Contrivance for our Escape, the Persons Acquainted with it, and also those that were Engaged in it; some Debates about leaving my Patron.

HAVING Formed the Design, or at least, the *rude draught*, and *general Model* of it, my first care was to open it to some *skilful and faithful Counsellors*, who might more impartially discover to me it's *inconveniences*, where it was like to prove *leaky*, or *take wind*; And first, I acquainted Mr. *Sprat*, our *Minister*, with it, and laid before him the whole of the Contrivance; and he *so far* approved it, that he judg'd it *possible*: Next, I acquainted one *Robert Lake*, a very wise and Religious Person, who bestow'd his Blessing on it, and wish'd it all good Success: And lastly, I acquainted my Friend *John Randal*, who approved it: Yet none of these could, or would run the risk of it's miscarriage. Mr. *Sprat* was already delivered from his Patron, and in a fair way to be absolutely enlarged, in a more safe and Regular way, for not long after our Escape came *Captain Pack*, of *London*, and paid the sixty Dollars,

and took him along with him for England: John Randal had a Wife, and Child, and these were too dear pledges to be left behind, and yet too tender things to undergo our Difficulties: Robert Lake was an Ancient Person, and neither able passively to be carried in, nor actively to carry on a Design that required much hardiness of Body and Mind to endure, and much strength to go through with it; we had nothing more from them than Prayers and Counsels, which yet was the main; and then my next care was, to take in Partners, and Accomplices in the Design

And herein I had a three-fold Respect: First, to such as were necessarily required to Form the Instrument of our Escape and Deliverance: Secondly, to such, whose tryed, and approved Fidelity I might presume would be obstinately, and Religiously secret in concealing it: Thirdly, to such, whose Courage of Mind, and strength of Body would render them capable to pursue the ends of it, to put it in Execution, and go through with it.

But before I would reveal the Project to any of them in particular, I Required an Oath of Secrecie: That whereas I should now reveal to him, or them, a matter of great concernment to their Happiness and Well-fare, they should solemnly promise, and swear, that in case they did not approve it, or would not joyn in it, yet they should, neither directly, nor indirectly; for fear, or flattery, discover it, or the Persons engaged

in

in it, to any Person whatsoever. When a Project was once mentioned, which promised in general their Happiness and Well-fare, I needed not tell them in particular what it drove at, they could smell out that with ease; for what could be Good, or Happy to Slaves without Liberty? This Oath therefore they willingly took: I judged seven Persons would be enough to manage, carry on, and Execute it; and therefore except the three fore-mentioned, I communicated it to no one Person but these following, who engaged in it, though all of them did not go through with it. John Anthony, a Carpenter, who had been a Slave fifteen Years; his Trade sufficiently shews, how useful he would prove in the Design. William Adams, who, since his Captivity, had learnt and used the Trade of a Bricklayer; his Serviceableness in it will be evident in the sequel; he had been a Slave eleven Years. John Jephth, who was a Sea man, and must therefore be presumed one of the *Quorum* in a Project of this Nature; he had endured Slavery about five Years. John -- a Carpenter, who was a skilful Man in his Trade, Lusty of Body, and therefore must be a good Wheel in this Engine, and he had been a Slave five Years: And two others, whose Employment it was to wash small Cloaths at the Seaside, and those had also their parts in carrying on the work, though they went not along with us; and William Okeley, who presents the Reader

with this Narrative, who was taken *August 11. 1639.* and Escaped *June 30. 1644.* these made up the Number of 7. There arose a *Scruple*, nay, it amounted to a *Question*, whether to attempt an Escape from my Patron, one that so dearly Loved me, so courtously treated me, had so fairly bought me, were justifiable before God and Men?

And, 1. It might be a Question in point of *Prudence*; for, where could I hope to mend my self? Or better my Condition? I might possibly find worse *Quarter* in England, where the Civil Wars were now broke out, and to that height of exasperation, that those of the same Nation, and, perhaps, *Blood*, would hardly give *Quarter* of Life to one another: If the Name of *Native Countrey* bewitcht me, if That dazzled my Eyes; surely where ever we are well is our Countrey, and all the World is Home to him that thrives all over the World: And why should the Name of *Bondage*, why should a word grate so harshly upon my delicate Spirit, when the sting of it was taken away? *Liberty* is a good word; but a Man cannot buy a *Meals meat* with a word: And *Slavery* is a hard word, but it breaks no mans back, Thousands are more *Slaves* than I, who are yet their own *Masters*, and less at *Liberty* than my self, who have the free rake and range of the whole World. But yet my Patron's Favour was no free hold; I held not my Happy time in fee simple, all was ad volun-

lun-

luntatem Domini; besides, he might dye, and leave me to another; or Live to Sell me to another, who might be of another Character, and then my Condition would be therefore worse, because I had known a better.

2. It might be Questioned in point of *Ingeniuty*, how I could be so unworthy to leave him, who had Loved me? Would not all that should hear of it, *Condemn me of ill Nature*, to leave without taking leave, one that had been a Father to me, who might have used the Right of a Lord; and used me as a Child, who might have treated me as a Slave? But really I thought there was more of *Manners and Courtship* in the Objection, than of weight, and Cogency: Still I dwelt with *McSheeh*, and had my Habitation amongst the *Tents of Kedar*; and one thought of England, and of its Liberty and Gospel confuted a thousand such Objections, and routed whole Legions of these little *Scruples*. It was no time to stand upon the *Punctilio's* of Honour and *Ingeniuty*; no time to Complement, and strain courtesie; here was no Farewel Patron, in the Case, and therefore I soon over-came that.

But, 3. It might be Questioned in the Court of Conscience, whether it were not down-right Theft to with-draw my self from his Service, who had bought me, paid for me, enter'd upon me, possess'd, and enjoy'd me, as his own proper Goods, and now I was not my own, had no right to my self: Whether might not a Man be

felo

felo de se, in *stealing himself*, as well as *killing himself*? And whether he is not the greater *self-robber*, that *steals away himself*, than he that *steals away from himself*? But I much questioned *their propriety* to me; my Patron's *Title* was rotten at the *Foundation*: Man is too Noble a Creature to be made subject to a *deed of bargain and Sale*; and my *consent* was never ask'd to all their bargains, which is *Essential*, to create a right of *Dominion* over a *Rational Creature*, where he was not born a subject. If I had forfeited my Life or Liberty, the Law might take it; but I was not Conscious to my self of any such forfeiture, but that I was at my own *Disposal*.

Thus all was clear and quiet, and we went on with our Design, which I now first opened to them: That I had contrived the Model of a Boat, which being formed in parcels, and afterwards put together, might, by the superintendency of Divine Providence, prove an *Ark* to deliver us out of the hands of our Enemies. This was soon said, and greedily entertained; to *Escape* was a pleasant word, the Name of *Liberty* made Musick in our Ears, and our wishing hearts danced to the *Tune* of it; and a Boat was as promising a means as any thing could be imagined: But when once their thoughts cooled, and came more sedately to look into the difficulties of it, they appeared innumerable, and some of them seemed insuperable; and some things that had

past

past current in my own thoughts, and I went clever away with them, without any rub; yet when they came to be pierced into with *more Eyes*, and scann'd upon *more Fingers*, they were attended with considerable impediments: where this Boat should be built, was one staggering Question: Where it should be Launched, and where put to Sea, was a choaking Objection: How we should escape those *Argus-eyes*, which are always observing us by Day, was a graveling Quarry; or how to get out of the City by Night, whose Walls are so high, whose Gates are so close shut, and strongly Guarded, was another vexatious Quarry: How we should be Rigged and Victualled for such a Voyage, was a considerable enquiry; and whither we should design, was not to be slighted. But how such a little Skiff, rather than Boat, should be able to Weather all the Accidents of the Sea, was a Neck Question, enough to strangle Faith, and stifle us with Despair.

To these Objections, I Answered. That I had designed my own Cellar, as the meetest place wherein to build the Boat; that when it was there Built, it might be taken in pieces again, and carried out of the City in parcels, and bestowed in private places till things were ripe for Execution. That for a place where to put to Sea, it would be time enough to determine upon that when we had finish'd our Vessel: That *Mayork* was the most commodious place to design to

Land

Land in: But in general I told them to this purpose; That if we *never attempted* any thing till we had *Answered all Objections*, we must sit with our Fingers in our Mouths all our days, and pine, and languish out our tedious Lives in Bondage: *Let us be up and doing, and God would be with us. To begin is one half of our work*: Let us make an Essay, and Answer particular Objections as they Offer'd themselves, and as we met with them in our work. That the Project had *its difficulties*, was confessed; but what has not, that is *Commendable, and Glorious*? Yet whatever difficulties and dangers we could meet with, *Liberty*, kept in our Eye, would sweeten the dangers we might encounter in Attempting. They were all well satisfied with what was said, and all engaged to venture the utmost *they were, and had*, to accomplish it.

SECT.

SECT. IX.

The Model of the Boat, Carrying it out of the City, and bestowing it in convenient Places.

IN the Cellar where we had Worship'd God, we began our Work; and it was *not the Holiness*, but *the Privacy of the place* that invited us, and advised us to it. And first, we provided *a piece of Timber about twelve Foot long, to make the Keel*: But because it was impossible to convey a piece of Timber of that length out of the City, but it must be *seen*; and of that shape, but it must be *suspected*, and that Suspicion would bring us into *Examination*, and the *Rack, or Battoon* might extort a *Confession* out of the *most resolved, and obstinate breast*; we therefore cut it *in two pieces*, and fitted it for Joynting, just in the middle. Our next care was *the Timbers, or Ribs* of the Boat, which we contrived thus; every one of the Timbers was made of *three pieces*, and joynted in *two places*, because a whole Rib at its full length, would be lyable to the same inconveniences with the Keel. Now understand, that the joynts of the Ribs were not made *with Mortice, and Tenon*,

nor, but the flat side of one of the three pieces was laid over the other, and two holes were bored at every joynt, into which two Nails were to be put, when we should joyn the parcels of our Boat together: You must understand further, that these two holes at every joynt were not made in a straight line, parallel with the sides of the pieces, for then the three pieces, which make one Rib, being joynted together would have made one straight piece; a Form which would by no means comport with the Use and Design of the Timbers; But so, that when both the Nails were in the holes, each Joynt would make an obtuse angle, and so incline so near towards a Semi-Circular Figure, as our Occasion required. All this while here is no visible Provision made for boards, to cloath the naked Ribs of our Boat, without which, the Keel and Timbers looked but like an useles Anatomy; but neither had we, nor was it possible we should have any boards in our Vessel: Necessity is the best Artificer when all is done, if we except her Sister Contingency; to which two the World has been beholden for the most useful Inventions, which at this day do ease the Labour and Toyl of wearied Mankind. For the Joynting of these boards, and the Nailing of them, to make the Boat Water-tite, would require such Hammering, and that Hammering would make such a clamorous Echo in the Cellar, as must have drawn upon us the Jealous Eyes of the Algerines, who

about

about their Wives and Slaves are insupportably suspicious: And therefore from the first Conception of the Design, I always resolved upon a Canvas: In pursuance of which thought, being all satisfied that it was practicable, we bought as much strong Canvas as would cover our Boat twice over, upon the Convex of the Carine. We provided also as much Pitch, Tar, and Tallow as would serve to make it a kind of a Tarpawlin Sear-cloath, to swaddle the naked body of our Infant-Boat: With Earthen Pots to melt done our Materials in; and prefixt a night wherein we might Execute that part of our Labour. The two Carpenters, and myself were appointed to this Service, and the Cellar was the place where we met. Matters had hitherto run on very evenly, and smoothly, but here we met with some discouraging rubs. For when we had stopt all the Chinks and Crannies of the Cellar, that the steame of the melted Materials might not creep out, and betray us, (there being no Chimney,) we had not been long at our work before I felt my self exceeding sick, with the strong, and unusual scent of the melted Liquor; I was forced to go out into the streets to gasp for breath, where meeting with the cool Air, it over-came me, I swooned, fell down, brake my Face, and there lay: My Companions missing me, made out to seek me, found me in this sad plight, and carried me in again, though exceeding sick, and unserviceable. They

had

had not proceeded much further before I heard one of them complain he was sick, and cou'd proceed no further, and now our work stood still: I plainly saw that *our hopeful Project*, that had hitherto so smoothly proceeded, must needs miscarry, and prove Abortive; for it would be impossible to finish it *this night*: and if we *once parted*, and suffered our Spirits to cool over the *Design*, they would never cease cooling till they were *stone cold, and hard frozen*; and therefore I advised to set open the Door, and commit our selves, and our work to Gods Protection: For I told them they could not but know, that *if any Discovery were made, the burden would fall heaviest upon my shoulders*; and *my Back, or Feet must pay for all*. At length, we resolved to set the Cellar-door wide open, and as soon as that was done, and the steame pretty well gone out, we came to our selves again, courageously went on with our business, and pitched one half that Night. The next Night we met again, set open the Door, and whilst they plyed the work, I stood Sentinel at the Door to give Notice of approaching danger; but we happily finish'd the whole; and while it was yet dark, carried it to my Shop, which was about a Furlong from the Cellar, and there at present secured it.

I shall not question the Readers Ingenuity so much, but that he will suppose there goes a *great deal more to a Boat* than I have described; but

but what should I trouble him with those things that *are common to all other Boats*, I mention only what was *peculiar to our own*; and I do not intend to trouble him with the *Boat-wright's Lecture*.

In our Cellar we fitted all things, we made the Timbers fit to the Keel, and the Canvass fit for the Timbers, and the Seats fit to the whole, and then took all in pieces again, and laying our Heads together, plotted how to convey all out of the Town, and lodge them in secure and trusty places.

And first, *for our Keel*, we all with unanimous consent judged *Will. Adams* the fittest Person to Execute that part of the Design, for he had long Exercised the Trade of a Brick-layer, and his Employment lay much without the Town, and besides he used such pieces in levelling his work. He therefore, accoutred with his *Apron before him, his Trowel in his hand*, and one of the pieces *upon his shoulder*, undertook it, and without the least Observation went cleverly away with it, and as he saw his Opportunity, hid it in the bottom of a Hedge; and not long after conveyed out its Fellow, and Lodged it in the same place. This succeeding so happily, we saw no great difficulty *in the Timbers*, for we put *one nail into a hole of every joyn*, and then you will easily conceive, that *the two extreme pieces of one Rib being folded inward, upon the middlemost*, will lye in the room of *one*.

of the pieces for length, excepting that little that the ends of each piece were beyond the holes: Now, by general consent, the conveying these out of the City was committed to one, whose Employment was to wash small Cloaths by the Sea-side: He puts them into his bag amongst his Cloaths, and so very orderly carried them out, and hid them where he could find *most commodious stowage*, but yet with *Respect to nearness* to that place where the Keel was laid.

But how to convey our Tarpawlin safe out of Town seemed most difficult; by Night it was impossible, and by Day the difficulties very considerable, and the danger proportionable; for the Gates are strictly watch'd, the Streets crowded, the Spies Pickering in every corner, and the bulk of the Canvas thus dressed was very great. To divide it had been to ruin our selves, for no stitching together again, could so cheat the searching water, but it would find out the needle-holes. At last we ventured upon this way; we put it into a large Sack, and committed it to him that used to wash Cloaths, and lest any should clap a jealous hand upon it, we put a Pillow over our Canvas within the Bag, that so its softness might delude the Inquisitor, and make it pass for Cloaths. Let none despise, or condemn these, as low, mean pieces of contrivance, for we had not Politicians tools to work withal; but the less was our Policy, the more glorious does the wisdom of God shine in succeeding it, and yet even that

that little Policy we were guilty of, was of his bestowing also; what of sin was in all of it, was entirely our own; what of Power, Wisdom, and Success, was all his: But our Agent escaped happily with it, and Lodging it in a secret place, returned.

We had yet many things to provide, and Oars are absolutely necessary, they were of the Quorum to an Escape by Sea: As Finns are the Fishes Oars, so Oars are the Boats Finns, by help whereof she makes her way: Now, to supply this defect, we took two Pipe-staves, and slitting them a cross from corner to corner with a Hand-saw, we made of each Pipe-staff two Rude things, which Necessity was pleased to entitle *The blades for a pair of Oars*, and these were easily conveyed out, without suspicion.

Next, we considered, that Provision must be laid in for our Voyage; and therefore we provided a small, and but a small quantity of Bread, presuming our stay at Sea must be but short; for either we should speedily recover Land, or speedily be drown'd, or speedily be brought back again: Two Goats skins also, stript off whole, and so Tann'd (a kind of Bottle much used by the Algerines to carry Milk and Water in) we had, which we lined with fresh water, and we know that must needs be a great Rarity in the Mediterranean.

We remembered also that a Sail might be of right good use to us for Expedition, and therefore

fore we bought as much *Canvas* as would *Answer that End*, and when some Dispute was made about carrying it out, I Offered to undertake *that last part of our work*: I had not gone a quarter of a Mile, but as I cast my wary eye back, I espied *the same Spie*, who once before had seized me, and given me trouble, following me very roundly. My Heart began to ache; I was loth a *Design of so near, and dear concernment to all of us*, should be brought to the Birth, and there should be no strength to bring forth. It's sad, *after a Voyage*, to Ship-wrack in the Haven, but me-thought it was more sad to sink a Vessel before it could be Launched: And here I first found the difference between *Innocence and Guilt*; for how boldly could I hold up my Head to *this Spie*, and his *betters*, (at least, his *Masters*) when I was not Conscious of any such *Design in hand*? Whereas now the Reflection of my Conscience was enough to write *Guilt in my Countenance*, (for some things are sin there which are not so in other places;) and this had betray'd me, had I not suddenly pluckt up my Spirits, and spying an *English-man* washing Cloaths by the Sea, I went the ready way to him, and desired him to help me wash that *Canvas*; as we were washing it, *the learing Spye* came. and stood upon the Rock just over our Heads to watch our motions: As soon as we had a little formally wash'd it, to cast a Mist before his Observing Eyes, I took the *Canvas* and spread it

it before his Face upon the top of the Rock to dry; he staid his own Time, and then march'd off. But I was as Jealous of him, as he could be of me for his Heart; and therefore fearing he might lye in Ambush for me, took it when 'twas dry, and very fairly carried it back into the City, and faithfully acquainted my Accomplices how the Matter squared. Ths Discouraged them not a little, for that they seemed timorous to proceed in the Enterprize.

At last we comforted, and encouraged one another, and entred into close Counsel; where we should meet that Night? At what time? Where we should put our Boat together, and where put to Sea? The Time was, an hour within Night; the Rendezvous on a Hill, about half a Mile from the Sea; and so we dispersed, some one way, some another; and privily lurking in Hedges and Ditches, lay close till the time appointed.

There is one thing that the Reader will be ready to ask, and I shall be more ready to Answer him for a special Reason: viz. What I did with my Shop and Goods? When I had once Resolved upon this Adventure, and saw it go on hopefully, I gave my Patron my wonted Visits, kept fair Correspondence, paid him his demands duly, but secretly I made off my Goods as fast as I could, and turn'd all into ready Money: I had a Trunk, for which *John Anthony* made me a false bottom; into which I put what Silver or

Gold I had; and into the Body of the Trunk, what ever it would *hold*, and was *worthy holding*: This Trunk I committed privately to the Fidelity of our dear Minister, Mr. *Sprat*; he took the charge of it, and he was now ready to receive his full Discharge. This Trunk he *Faithfully Secured*, and *carefully brought over*, and as *honestly delivered* to me when he heard I was come safe to London; and I was willing to move *that Question*, merely for the *Answers sake*, which *Witnesses his Fidelity*.

SECT.

SECT. X.

The putting of our Boat together, the Difficulties we met with therein; and our putting out to Sea, June 30. 1644.

AS soon as we were met all together at the appointed place, we began to think of executing our long intended Design; but we were Divided in our Counsels, where to begin our work: It had been a Question propounded before, and we *thought* we had fully Resolved upon the place; but at our Meeting we were *strangely discomposed*: There were *two places* which stood in Competition, each pretending good Conveniences for that end. The one was a *Hill*, about half a Mile from the Sea; the other was a *Valley*, encompassed with two Hedges, about a Furlong from the Hill, but of the same distance with it from the Sea: It was urged for the Valley, that it was a place of *more Secrecy and Privacy*, less obvious to view; but then it was objected, that we might there *be surprized*, and seized by the Clutches of our Enemies, e're we could have notice to shift for our selves: For the Hill, it had been Argued, that we might there *make better Discovery* of Danger, and *make Provision to avoyd it*; and in short, we all agreed

ever night, to put our Boat together upon the Hill; promising our selves much Advantage from its Situation: But when we were met, we all altered our Resolution without any visible Reason, and carried it for the Valley: God is much in the dark to us, but all our ways are in the open Light to him. It's very difficult to give an Account what God is doing at present, but we shall know, if we can but patiently wait till future Providences Comment upon the former: And in a while we saw the Reason why God overruled our purposes.

We had hid several of our Materials near the top of the Hill, where also grew a small Fig-tree, which we had marked with our Eye, as Judging it would be useful to strengthen the Keel of our Boat: Two of our Company were immediately dispatcht to saw down this Fig-Tree, and bring it, and the parcels of our Boat there disposed, away with them: They were hardly come to the place, but we heard Dogs bark about the top of the Hill, and indeed two Men with Dogs came very near them; but our Men being aware, lay close and still, and so they passed by without making any Discovery, and then our Men bestir'd themselves, and brought away the Fig-Tree, and the other Materials, and returned to us.

And now we had once more brought the scatter'd Limbs of our Boat into one place, which, like those of *Abime*, had been dispersed up
and

and down the Fields: It was no time to trifle, and therefore we all buckle to our work in good earnest: But we were so nigh some that were at work in the Neighbouring Gardens, that we could hear them speak, and therefore must needs suppose they might hear us too; and therefore we acted by Signs, and pointed, and pulled, and nodded, but were all Mutes: It might have been an Expedient for the Builders of Babel, when their Languages were Divided, to have carried on their great Project by Signs; but certainly there was Confusion poured out upon their Hearts and Counsels, as well as Division in their Tongues and Languages.

The two parts of our Keel we soon joyned; then opening the Timbers, which had already one Nail in every Joynt, we groped out for the other hole, and put *us* Nail into it: Then we open'd them at their full length, and applyed them to the top of the Keel, fastning them with Rope-Yarn, and small Cords; and so we served all the Joynts to keep them firm and stable; then we bound small Canes all along the Ribs lengthways, both to keep the Ribs from vring, and also to bear out the Canvas very stiff against the pressing Water: Then we made Notches upon the ends of the Ribs, or Timbers, wherein the Oars might ply; and having tyed down the Seats, and strengthened our Keel with the Fig-Tree, we lastly drew on our double Canvas Case, already fitted; and really the Canvas seemed a Winding-sheet

sheet for our Boat; and our Boat a Coffin for us all.

This done, four of our Company took it upon their shoulders, and carried it down towards the Sea, which was about half a Mile off: It was a little Representation of a Funeral, to see the four Bearers Marching in deep silence, with something very like a *Herse*, and *Coffin*, upon their shoulders, and the rest of us *decently attending the Ceremony*; but we wanted *Torches*, and besides, it's not usual for any to wait upon their own Coffins: But we durst not grudge our Boat that *small*, and *last Office*, to carry it *half a Mile*, for we expected, it should re-pay us that Service and Civility with Interest, in carrying us *many a League*: We carried it at Land, where it could *not swim*; that it might carry us at Sea, where we could *not walk*. As we went along, they that were in the Gardens heard us passing by, and called to us, *who comes there*? But it was dark, and we had no mind to prate, and therefore without any Answer, we silently held on our way.

When we came to the Sea-side, we immediately stript our selves naked, and putting our Cloaths into the Boat, carried it, and them, as far into the Sea as we could wade; and this we did, lest our tender Boat should be torn against the Stones or Rocks; and then all seven of us got into her: But here we soon found how our Skill in Calculating the Lading of our Vessel failed

ed us: For we were no sooner Embarked, but she was ready to sink under us, the water coming in over the sides; so that once again we must entertain new Counsels; at last, one, whose Heart most failed him, was willing to shut out, and rather hazard the uncertain Torments of the Land, than certainly be drown'd at Sea; then we made a second Experiment, but still she was so deep Laden, that we all concluded there was no venturing out to Sea: At length, another went ashore, and then she held up her Head very stoutly, and seem'd heavy enough for our Voyage.

It was time now to commit, and Commend our selves, and Vessel to the Protection, and Conduct of that God who Rules the Winds and the Waves, and whose Kingdom is in the deep Waters, imploring Mercy for the Pardon of our Sins, and resigning up our Souls to God, as if we had been presently to Suffer Death by the Hand of the Executioner. And taking our Solemn Farewell of our two Companions, whom we left behind, and wishing them as much Happiness as could be hoped for in Slavery, and they to us as long a Life as could be expected by Men going to their Graves; we Launched out, upon the thirtieth day of June, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand, Six Hundred, Forty, and Four: A Night for ever to be remembered

membr'd by his poor Creatures, who are our selves *Great Monuments* of Divine Providence, and do set up *this Little Monument* of his Goodness and Mercy, that may survive us, and bear up the Name of God to after-times, that by us *Men may Learn to put their Trust in God*: And the Bill of Lading is as followeth; *John Anthony, William Adams, John Jeph's, John--- Carpenter, and William Okeley.*

SECT.

SECT. XI.

The great Extremities we Endured at Sea for Six Days, and Nights, with the Coincident Providences of God that appeared for us in our Extremities, and our Miraculous Landing at Mayork, July 6. 1644.

WE are now out at Sea without Helm, or Pilot; without Anchor, Tackle, or Compass; but God was *these, all these, and more than all these*. Our Number was *Small*, our Work was *Great*, we could not afford one *Idle Hand*, not one *Idle Finger*: Four of the Company continually wrought at the Oars; and indeed we wrought for our *Lives*, and then I shall not need to say *how we wrought*: But this I shall say, I can truly say it, I never saw strength so *strained*, nor the utmost of what *Nature could do for Life and Liberty*, exerted so much in all my Life. The Employment of the fifth Man was *more easie*, but no less necessary, which was to free the Boat of that Water, which by Degrees leak't through our Canvas.

We Labour'd the harder *that Night*, because we would gladly be out of the Ken of our Old Masters

Masters by Day; but when Day appear'd, we were yet within sight of their Ships, that lay in the Haven, and Road, and off the Land: But our Boat being small, and lying close, and snug upon the Sea, either was not at all Discovered, or else seem'd something that was not worth the taking up: A little hope in the midst of great Fears, made us double, and re-double our Diligence; we tugg'd at the Oars like those who are Chain'd to the Gallies, because we had no mind to be Slaves to our Old Patrones in their Gallies.

But upon all Occasions we found our want of fore-cast, for now our Bread, which was to be the staff of our decayed strength, had lien soaking in the Salt water, like a drunken Toast sopt in Brine, and was quite spoyled: And our fresh water in the Bottles stank of the Tanned Skins, and Owze, having lyen sobbing in the Salt water, which made it nauseous: But yet that hope that hover'd over us, and flatter'd us that we should one day mend our Commons, sweeten'd all again; so long as Bread was Bread, we complain'd not: Three days with good Husbandry it lasted, but then pale Famine (which is the worst shape Death can be painted in) stared us in the Face; And there was no substitute for Bread at Sea: At Land, the Roots of Grass, the tops of Trees, and the vilest Excrements have served to stop the clamour of a Ravenous Stomach, but that which Slaves despised, we should have

have admired, and prized: Water indeed we might have, either cold, or hot; we had choice, but it was a hard choice: Either the cold salt water out of the Sea, or that warmer, which had been strained through our Bodies, and that we chose of the two, but we must not have that, after a while, unless we would first Accept the other: And the Misery was, these did not assuage our thirst, but increase it; nor increase our strength, but diminish it; yet these were the means of Life: Strange means, that would destroy the End.

Several things added to our Misery; for trouble seldom comes solitary, For first, we had the Wind for some time fuil against us: And this was both an evil in it self, an evil in its effect, and an evil in its cause. It was a great evil in it self; it increased our Labour, and then defeated it: We Rowed harder, to less purpose; we moved, but did not advance; we spent our strength for nought, and in vain. It was an evil in its effect; for it engaged the Waters against us, and drew them into its party. The Sea is a perfect Neuter of it self, and willing to maintain its Neutrality; but the powerful Winds drew her into the Faction: And that Sea which serves the North to day, shall comply with the more prevailing South to Morrow; for the Waves are the greatest time servers in the World: But it was far the greatest evil in its Cause; for the Winds being against us, Argued that God was against

against us; for the Wind we know was *his*: *He brings the Winds out of his Magazines*. We were now so dispirited, that we debated, *whether we should bear up with the Wind, or make the best of our way, and Row against it?* That is, whether it were not better to go back to *Algiers with ease*, than painfully make towards *Freedom*? At last, like Persons that though we knew not what to do, yet resolved not to return; we resolved whilst we had Life, and Strength, and Breath, we would struggle with it: and now the great God interposed; he rebuked *his Wind*, it was *not against us*; nay, he reconciled his Wind, and it became *our Friend*. He that can turn the *Rivers in the South*, could turn the *Wind out of the North*: Here we might have had a notable demonstration of Gods Sovereignty. He determined the *Quarter* of the Wind, the *Quantity* of the Wind, and the *Continuance* of the Wind. The *Quarter*, whence it should blow. The *Quantity*, *how much* it should blow, and the *Continuance*, *how long* it should blow. The *Quarter* was our Enemy, the *Continuance* had quite brought us to Despair; but had he opened his Hand, and let out *one blast more*, the proud *Waters had gone over our Souls*, we had *perished in the deep*: But we see that *our times are in Gods Hand*; the Ocean in the *hollow of the same Hand*, and the Winds in the *same hand*, and Happy it was for us, that *we, and they, were all there*.

A Second great Inconveniency was, that *our Labour was without Intermission*, though we advanced *not forwards* at many stroaks, yet cessation had driven us *backwards*. The poor Sentinel that stands upon the Watch, yet comforts himself that another will Relieve him; but we had none to take the toyl off our Hands, and give us Respite: We might *shift our places, but not our pains*.

A Third great Evil that lay fore upon us, was the extremity of the *heat by day*; the Season was Raging hot, being the beginning of *July*; the Climate was hot, being under, or about the Fourth Climate; we wanted fresh Water to cool the Heat, and were engaged in continual Labour to *enrage the heat*, and all these made it insupportable to *our Bodies*, and our *little, or no hope*, (which now like a Candle burnt down to the Socket, did rather blink, than burn) made it *grievous to our Souls*. One small help we had (if it was a help) that the fifth Man, who emptied the Boat of the Salt Water, threw it upon the Bodies of the rest to cool them; But this was a *Miserable Remedy*, for our Bodies were so bleached between the scorching Sun, and the cooling Water, that they rose up in Blisters all over. Great pain we felt, great danger we were in, great Miseries were endured, great wants we were under, and had *nothing little*, but *hope, food, and strength*. By Day we were all stark Naked, by Night we had our Shirts, or loose

Coats, and that was all our Cloathing, the rest we left ashore to ease our Boat.

If any shall be so Inquisitive, as to ask, by what Directions we steered our Course, that we did not tack about insensibly in the dark Night, or Day? He may know, that for *the Day*, one of the Company had a *Packet Dial*, which supplied the place of the Compass, e'ne well enough for such a Vessel, and such Mariners. By Night, when *the Stars appeared*, we had our advice from them, and when they disappeared, we guessed at our way by *the Motions of the Clouds*.

In this sad and woful plight we continued four Days and Nights; on the fifth Day, we were *on the brink of the brink of despair*, and all hope that we should be saved, utterly perished. And now, as Persons despairing of *the End*, we ceased to pursue *the means*; laid by our Oars, left off our Labour; either we had no strength left, or were loth to throw away that little we had to no purpose, onely we kept still emptying the Boat; loth to drown, loth to dye, yet knew no ways to avoyd Death: When the *End is removed*, all *means perish* with it.

They that Act least, commonly with the most; thus when we had left *fruitless Labour*, we fell upon *fruitless wishes*, that we might meet with some Vessel, some Ship to take us up: If it was *but a Ship*, we considered *no further*; *English, or African, Tros, Tyriusve*; all was a Case:

Case: Or if not, yet *the worst was better than our bad case*; and therefore resolved, could we have Discovered any Ship, to have made towards her, though it had been one of *Algiers*. How many wisht themselves again *in Egypt*, when they Combated with the unexpected Difficulties of *the Wilderness*! How oft have the People of God been more afraid of *the means of their Deliverance*, than of *their Danger*! When Christ came to save his Disciples from the Storm, yet because he came in a way uncouth, and unexpected, *they cryed out for fear*, Mat. 14. 26. Whether the Reader will pity, or condemn us, I know not; but to that pass were we now brought, that we would have accepted Life upon any terms *not base and sinful*, and whether we should have stuck at *such or no*, I have no such security from my own Heart as to resolve him.

Whilst we were at *this dead ebbe of Hope*, the Great God, whose most Glorious Opportunity to help, is his Creatures *greatest Extremity*: He that appeared for *Abraham in the Mount*, and to the *three Young Men in the Fiery Furnace*; he that Delivered *Israel at the Sea, at the Red Sea*; he who times all his Mercies for their Advantage: even He sent us some Relief, and a little Relief is great, in great exigencies. As we lay hulling up and down, we Discovered a Tortoise not far from us asleep in the Sea. Had the great *Drake* Discovered the *Spanish*

nish Plate-Fleet, he could not have more Rejoyced; once again we bethought our selves of our Oars: and now our little Boat, shewed it self to be of the right breed of *Algiers*, made of *Piratick Timber*, and to its poor Ability would become a *Corfsair*; we silently Rowed to our Prey, took it into the Boat with great Triumph, we cut off her Head, and let her bleed into a Pot; we drank the Blood, eat the Liver, and suck'd the Flesh; warm Flesh, and hot Liquor (except our own) had been a great Rarity with us a long time, it was a Novelty of Providence; and really it wonderfully refresh'd our Spirits, repaired our decayed strength and recruited Nature; at least, poor exhausted Nature was willing to be cheated, and fancy herself recruited: But there was no cheat in't, we were really refresh'd, and with fresh vigour and courage fell to our Work; we left our fears behind us, we pickt up some scatter'd crumbs of hope, and about Noon, we Discovered, or thought we Discovered Land. It's impossible to express the Joy, and Triumph of our rais'd Souls at this apprehension. The Poets tell us, that as often as *Hercules* threw the great Giant again't the Earth, his Mother Earth gave him new strength against the next Encounter: It was new strength, new Life to us, though not to touch, yet to see; or if not to see, to think we saw it. It brought fresh Blood into our Veins, fresh colour into our pale Cheeks; we look'd not like

Men

Men awak'd from sleep, not like Captives broke from the Chains of *Algiers*, but like Persons rais'd from the Dead. But Hope and Fear made a strange Medly Passion in our Souls; like the Reparties of two contrary jostling Tides, or the struggling of the Eddy with the main Stream: Hope would perswade us that we saw the Land; but chill Fear bade us pause upon it, for as we easily believe, what we desire to be true, so we are as ready to fear lest it should not prove true; for fear had got long possession of our Souls, and would hardly admit Hope to stir, but was ready to suppress it as a disturber of its Empire: We had seen nothing but Air, and Sea; Sea, and Air in five Days, and Nights; that though our Reason told us there was such a thing as Land, yet the Impressions that fear had made upon us, made it Questionable, whether ever we should see it. And we durst not give too much Credence to our Eyes, that had been used to bring sadder stories to our Hearts.

Yet still we wrought hard: Hope did us that kindness, it put us upon an earnest desire to see whether we were deceived or no. After some further Labour, we grew more confident, and at last, fully satisfied that it was Land: I hope I shall never forget what a sense we had of God's goodness upon that Assurance. Extremes do equally annoy, and sometimes insatuate the mind: They tell us, that in *Greenland*, the extremity of Cold will make the Iron stick to the

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Fingers,

Fingers, as our Experience assures extremity of Heat will do; for now like Distracted Persons, we all leapt into the Sea, quitting our Boat, and being all good Swimmers, we there Bathed, and cooled our heated Bodies. An Adventure, which, if well considered, had as much of the Desperado in it as our putting to Sea: For now we were at the Mercy of the Sharks, which might have shear'd off a Leg, or Arm; and now our over-heated Bodies were open to receive the Impressions of that Cold Element: But as we never considered our Danger, the great and good God delivered us from the Ordinary effects of such Folly; we presently returned to our Boat, and being both wearied with Labour, and cooled a little with the Sea, we lay us all down to Sleep in as much security, as if we had been in our own Beds: Nature being almost spent, must have a Truce; she will not undertake to keep our Bodies upon their Legs, if we will not submit to her great standing Ordinance, of Rest; and here we saw still more of Divine Goodness, that our Leaky Vessel did not bury us in the Sea, and we awaking find our selves in the other World: But he that *gave us Sleep, measured it*, and he measured it *exactly*, not suffering us to *out-sleep the Season* of plying our Pump, or that which supplied the place of it.

Being thus refresh'd with sleep, we found *new strength* for our Work, and God found us *New Work*

work for our strength: We tugged the harder at the Oar, because we hoped e're Night to sleep upon a more stable, and faithful Element. But we made our way very slowly, and when we cast up the Account of our Progress, found that we had gone but *little way in a long time*; towards Evening we discovered another Island: The first we saw was *Mayork*, the second, *Fromentere*; and some of our Company that had Sailed in these Seas, would undertake to assure us of it: We debated not long to which of these we should direct our Course, for the latter being much infested with venomous Serpents, and little, if at all Inhabited, we resolved all for *Mayork*: All that Night we Rowed very hard, and the next, being the sixth of *July*, and from our putting to Sea, we kept within sight of it all Day, and about Ten a Clock at Night we came under the Island, but the Rocks were there so craggy, and steep, that we could not climb up.

Whilst we were under these Rocks there came a Vessel very near us. Let the Reader put himself in our stead, let him but Copy out our Thoughts, let him imagine how loth we were to lose all our toil and Travel, to forgo our Deliverance, to have this Rich Mercy, which God had put into our Hands, wrested out of them again by some *Turkish* Pickaroon, or *Corssair*, that are always skimming those Seas: It concerned us therefore to lye close, and when they were

were pass'd by, we gently crept along the Coast as near the shoar as we durst, till we found a convenient place, where we might thrust in our Weather-beaten Boat.

If these Papers should fall into the hands of some that are great Clerks in the Art of Navigation, and have con'd the Mariners Terms of Art, they will smile at my improper wording of these Matters, and say, I am one of *Paul's* Mariners. But I can be content to be Accounted one of his Mariners, whilst I have shared in his Mercies: How many of those that speak the Language of the Sea, yet have found her Billows deaf to their Cries and Prayers, and their stately Ships made the Scorn of Winds, and the Reproach of Waves, when we, who had none of their Ships, and little of their skill, have had Experience of those Providences, to which they have been Strangers.

SECT.

SECT. XII.

The great kindness we Received at Mayork from the Vice-Roy, and the Inhabitants of that Island and City.

WHEN we were come to Land, we were not unsensible of our Deliverance; though like Men newly awakened out of a Dream, we had not the true Dimensions of it: We confessed God had done *Great things* for us, but *how great* thngs he had done was beyond our Comprehension: We had *escaped the Sea*, but yet Death might be found at *Land*; and we were ready to say, with *Sampson*, Judg. 15. 18. *Lord, thou hast given this great Deliverance into the hands of thy Servants, and now shall we dye for Thirst?* We had had no Food since we eat the Liver, and drank the Blood of the Tortoise, and therefore leaving three of our Company with the Boat, the other two, viz. *John Anthony*, and my self were sent out to scout abroad for fresh Water: And the rather were we sent, because this *John Anthony* could speak both the *Spanish*, and *Italian* Tongues very perfectly; and I had as much of the *Spanish* as might serve to express our wants, and desires, if perhaps we might meet with any Persons thereabouts.

abouts. We were not far gone, before we fell into a Wood, and we were in a Wilderness in our thoughts, which way to take: He will needs go his way, and I mine. Good Lord! what a frail, impotent thing is Man! That they whom common dangers *by Sea*, common Deliverances *from Sea* had United, should now about our own wills fall out at Land. And yet thus we did: He gave me reproachful words, and it's well we came not to blows: But I went my own way, and he seeing me resolute, *followed me*; and the Providence of God, not dealing with us according to our frowardness, *followed us both*: This way led us to a Watch-Tower of the *Spaniards*, many of which they keep upon the Sea-Coasts, to give the Countrey timely notice of any Pickaroons that come ashore to Rob, and Spoyle.

When we came within call, fearing he might Discharge at us, we spoke to him upon the Watch, told him our Condition, what we were, whence we came, how we escaped; and earnestly begged of him to direct us to some fresh Water, and in the mean time to bestow upon us some Bread. He very kindly threw us down *an old mouldy Cake*, but so long as it was a *Cake*, and not a *stone*, nor a *Bullet*, Hunger did not consider its *Mouldiness*: Then he directed us to fresh Water, which was hard by: We stood not telling Stories; we remembred *our selves*,

we

we remembred *our Brethren* left with our Boat, and Observing the Sentinels Directions, came to a Well, where there was a Pot with strings to draw with: We drank a little Water, and eat a bit of our Cake, but the passage was so disused, that we had much ado to force our Throats to relieve our clamourous stomachs: But here we staid not, but, with the four Lepers in the Tents of the *Syrians*, 2 Kings 7. 9. Rebuked our selves, *We do not well, we have glad Tidings to carry, and do we hold our peace?* We return to our Boat, are welcomed by our Companions, acquaint them with the good success of our Embassy, and all prepare to make to the Well.

And now we must leave our Boat; that faithful Instrument of Gods Providence, which had so trustily served his purpose to deliver us: It was not without some Recoylings upon our Spirits, that we should so much as in appearance imitate the ingratitude of those, who having served their private ends on their Friends, and have now no further use of them, most ungratefully shake them off: That we should be like the *water-dog*, which uses the water to pursue his Game, and when he comes to Land, shakes it off as troublesome, and burdensome. But it was no time to stand upon Complements; Hunger, Thirst, Weariness, Desire of Refreshment and Rest, those importunate *Duns*, Commanded us away;

away; and tying our Boat as fast as we could to the Shoar, we left her to *Mercy*, which had been *so good* to us.

As we were going, or rather creeping, or crawling towards the Well, another Quarrel started amongst us, the Memory whereof is so ungrateful, that I shall give it a Burial in silence, the best *Tomb for Controversies*.

And now we are at the Well, and the Well is provided of Water, and we have something to draw; all these helps God has given us, but he must give us one more, even a throat to swallow it, without which, all the rest signify nothing. This was the evil Disease Solomon had Observed in his Days, *Eccles. 6. 2. A Man to whom God had given Riches, Wealth; and Honour, so that he wanteth nothing for his Soul, of all that he desireth; yet God giveth him not Power to eat thereof: He that gives us water to drink, and meat to eat, must give us Power to eat and drink also.* How totally do we depend upon him for Life, and Breath, and all things! One of our Company, *William Adams*, attempting to drink, after many Essays was not able to swallow it; but still the water returned, so that he sunk down to the Ground, faintly saying, *I am a dead Man*; we forgot our selves, to remember him, and after much striving, and forcing, he took a little; and when he and we were refresh'd with

with our Cake and water, we lay down by the Well-side till the Morning. None of us could watch for the rest, but *One God watched over us all*: There we lay lockt up, and buried in Sleep: The Heavens covered us, when we wanted a Canopy: Each might say in the Morning, with *David, Psal. 3. 5 I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.*

When it was clear Day, we address our selves once more to the Man upon the water-h Tower, entreating him to Direct us the ready way to the next House, or Town, where we might find Relief. He civilly points us towards a House about two Miles off, whither, with wearied steps, and joyful Hearts, we now began to Travel: Our Feet had been so *parboyled, and quodled with the Suns heat, in the Salt water-pickle*, that they were very raw, and more blister'd; and long it was before we could over-come the tediousness of those two Miles. When we approach'd the House, the Owner espying us, and concluding by our *shabby garb*, that we were some *Pilfering Rascals*, Presented a Fowling Piece at us, and charged us to stand. The foremost of our Company, who could speak that Language well, meekly told him, he might spare that Language, we were *not able*, if we had so *wicked a will*; nor *willing*, if we had been *able*, to offer him the least injury; That we were a Company of poor Creatures, whom the wonderful Providence of God had Rescu-

Rescued from the Slavery of *Algiers*, and hoped he would shew Mercy to the Afflicted. The Honest Farmer, moved with our Relation, sent us out Bread, VVater, and Olives, with which when we had refresh'd our selves, we lay down, and Rested three or four hours in the Field; and returning thanks for his Charity, prepared to crawl away at our lame rate. He seeing us thankful Beggars, enlarged his Civility to us, called us into his House, and gave us good warm Bean Portage, which seemed to me the most Pleasant Food that ever I eat in my Life: Our Leave once more taken, we Advanced towards the City of *Mayork*, which from this place is about ten Miles: No water could we meet with upon our way, but towards Evening, we discovered one drawing VVater at a VVell, we hasted to him, and he drew for us; that was our Supper, and there was our Lodging that Night.

The next Morning we came into the Suburbs of the City, the strangeness of our Attire, being bare foot, bare-leg'd, having nothing on but loose Coats over our Shirts, drew a croud of enquirers about us, who we were? whence we came? whither we went? VVe gave them a particular Account of our Deliverance, with its Circumstances; and they as willing *to pity*; as *to know* our Estate, and as ready *to Relieve*, as *pity*, accommodated us for the present with food; they gave us VVine, and Strong waters, and whatever else might recover our exhausted Spirits;

rits; but told us, we must be obliged to tarry in the Suburbs, till the *Vice-Roy* had notice that such Strangers were Arrived: He had seen *Information* of us, and we as soon a *Command* to appear before him: He Examined us about many Affairs; what Men of VVar the *Algerines* had at Sea? what strength they were of at Land? But above all, he was most curious, and exact in satisfying himself about our Escape, our Boat, our Hazards at Sea, wherein when we had fully Obeyed him, he Ordered we should be maintained at his own Cost till we could have passage to our own Country.

In this while the People gathered us Money to buy us Cloaths and Shooes, and we wanted nothing that Nature called for, but *thankful Hearts to God*. And they endeavoured to help to *that Mercy* too: As I was walking in the Streets viewing the City, a Young Man steps to me, Friend (said he) are you one of those that came lately Over in the Canvas Boat? I Answered, Yes, I was one of them: well (replied the Young Man) *It was not the little Boat, but the Great God that brought you Over*. I must needs say, I often think of this Young mans words, and as often as I think of them they chide me, that I have not hitherto more publicly owned God in his Gracious and wonderful Deliverance. However, others may be concern'd to Read I know not yet I am concern'd to Write of the great things God has done for me.

SECT. XIII.

The Providences of God which attended us, and Conducted us all safe to England.

IT may not prove ungrateful to the Reader, to see how the great God, who *begin* to work for us, *perfected his work concerning us*: How he that had, and did deliver, would still deliver us; as *single Stars* have their Glories, yet *Constellations* are more Glorious: So each Providence of God is Admirable; but taken together, as one serving another, and *this* helping forwards *that*, so indeed they are most Admirable; when the Creator viewed his each days work, it so punctually answered *its Idea* according to which, and Obeyed *the Power* by which it was Created, that he pronounced it *Good*; but when he re-viewed the Product of the six days, he pronounced *all to be very good*: Each *Letter* in a Book speaks *skill*, but when *those Letters* form words, those words, sentences, there is a greater Excellency, and more skill Discovered: *Separate Providences* speak out eminently *some* of Gods Attributes; but when we put them together, all the Attributes of God shine forth in them.

them, and one Illustrate another, which reflects a light upon the former.

Mayork is a City where our *English* Ships did seldom Trade, and we being full of desire to see our Native Countrey, preferr'd our humble Petition to *the Vice-Roy*, That we might have Passage in the King of Spains Gallies, which were then in the Road, bound for Alicant in Spain, which he graciously granted us: What cold Entertainment we met with there from some of our own Countrey, I shall draw a veil over; yet even there we found *the Mercies of God*. One Merchant took Compassion on us, and Conducted us to an *English-mans* House, where we Lodged, and gave us half a Dollar to defray our Charges. The next day, understanding that there was an *English-man* in the Road, bound for *England*, we went aboard to see for Passage; we made our Condition our best Argument to prevail: The Master told us, he had but little Provision, but if we would be content with Bread, and Beverage, we might go. We accounted that, *Royal Fare*, and accordingly waited till he set Sail: Whilst we were aboard, two *English* Merchants came thither also, and were very earnest that we would give them the short of our Adventure: We gratified them, and one of them said; Countrey-men, we have heard your story. After a few days, we set Sail, and when we were at Sea, were hotly Chased by two *Turkish* Men of War, but being near *Gible-*

shore, we got in there, and escaped. We had known Slavery *too much and long*, to be ambitious of it again; and therefore three of us, *John Anthony, John --- Carpenter*, and *my self* went ashore, and there stayed: Our other Companions ventur'd along with the Ship, and came into *England* before us. VVhilst we were at *Gibletore*, the *Spaniards* understanding our Condition, much pityed us: and one told us, that if we would accept it, we might have Lodging in his Vessel, and he had Fish enough that we might make use of: There we staid till our Money was gone, and then resolved to go with the Foot-Post by Land to *Cadiz*, which is about sixty Miles: But whilst my two Companions were gone to enquire for the Courier, I staid upon the shoar, and saw a small *Spanish* Vessel coming from *Malaga*, bound for *Cadiz*; I went aboard him, to desire Passage, he freely granted it, and the next Morning early we set Sail, and in little time came into *Cadiz-Road*, but not nigh enough to go ashore, the Captain told us, our Passage was paid, we might freely go ashore when we would. Now, because we found no Ship here bound for *England*, and hearing that there was one at *St. Lucars*, we Travelled thither by Land, which is about twelve Miles: After a short stay there, I met with the Masters Mate, of whom I earnestly entreated for Passage; he told me, he had very little Provision, and that it would be hard to be Obtained: whilst

whilst we were talking, the Boat came to fetch him aboard, and in her there was a Youth, who was the Masters Son: He asked his Fathers Mate, who was also his Uncle, who we were? He told him, we were poor Men Escaped from *Algiers*, but for want of Provision, he doubted we could not go for *England*. No! (said the Youth) do you think my Father will deny passage to poor *English-men*, that come from *Algiers*? Come Country-men (said he) come into the Boat, you shall have Passage: He presently acquaints his Father with us and our Condition: He treated us with great kindness, he prevailed with the Merchants to lay in Provision for us: we continued in his Ship till we came away: In the time of our stay, I went aboard one Captain *Goodson*, who lay then in the Road, he was extremely civil to me; at my departure he gave me twenty shillings, and set me aboard our Ship, in his own Boat. VVe met with contrary winds, and were very near Engaging with a *Hamburger*; it was five weeks before we could reach the Downs: where we arrived in *Sep. 1644*. The Commander of the Ship was Captain *Smith*, of *Redriff*.



To his Ingenious Friend, Mr.

*William Okeley, upon his Miraculous
Deliverance in his Canvas Boat.*

THY Boat, thy Coffin call; and Greet
The Canvas as thy Winding-Sheet:
From Coffin, Shroud Delivered,
Call't Resurrection from the Dead!
And since thy Life's the Great, thy Lines
present
As God's Great Mercies Lesser Monument.

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